

WEEK-END  
10

NEW TERROR IN THE CREEPY TRADITION!

# EERIE

PDC

SEPT.  
NO. 5

A WARREN MAGAZINE 35¢



THIS ISSUE: "THE SWAMP GOD" STRIKES!





LIKE SOME DEMONICAL DECORATION FOR THAT BLANK WALL IN YOUR PADDED CELL ? THEN PUT THOSE SHARP CLAWS TO GOOD USE AND CLIP OUT THIS LATEST WEIRD WORK FROM...

## EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY!



### NO. 4 THE MUMMY !

BELIEVING IN LITERAL RESURRECTION OF THE BODY, ANCIENT EGYPTIANS CAREFULLY MUMMIFIED AND ENTOMBED THEIR REMAINS! THE SOUL WOULD DEPART FOR JUDGEMENT BY OSIRIS, BUT THE LIFE-SPIRIT, OR KA, WOULD STALK THE TOMB, AND SHOULD IT BE VIOLATED, RE-ENTER THE MUMMIFIED CORPSE, GALVANATING IT TO TERRIBLE VENGEANCE! HIGH PRIESTS OF TOTH, GOD OF MAGIC, COULD ALSO CALL FORTH THE KA-ANIMATED DEAD TO SERVE THEIR EVIL ENDS, TO BE STOPPED ONLY BY COUNTER-SPILLS FROM THE BOOK OF THE DEAD!



# EERIE

NO.5

PUBLISHER: James Warren

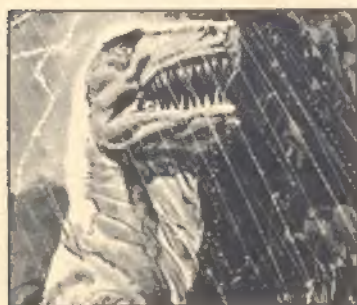
ASSISTANT TO PUBLISHER: Richard Conway

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LETTERING: Ben Oda

STAFF ARTISTS: Eugene Colan, Reed Crandall, Steve Ditko, Frank Frazetta, Rocco Mastroserio, Gray Morrow, Joe Orlando, John Severin, Jay Taycee, Angelo Torres, Alex Toth, Al Williamson, Wallace Wood



## CONTENTS

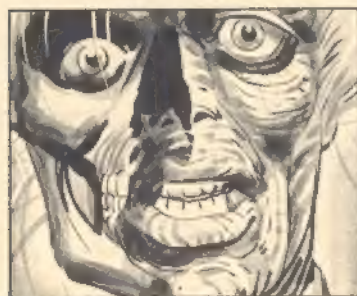
### MONSTER GALLERY

Mummy lore in store for patrons of our shriek showcase ..... 2



### THE MUMMY STALKS

Across 3000 years, death reaches into a British museum ..... 5



### THE JUNGLE

Shrunk head fanciers find a curse attached ..... 14



### BLACK MAGIC

A bit of weird wizardry conjured up by Cousin Eerie ..... 27



### A MATTER OF ROUTINE

The supernatural interrupts George Simmons well-ordered life ..... 30



### DR. GRISWOLD'S FILE

The good doctor solves money problems by looking under "Z" for zombie ..... 38



### THE SWAMP GOD

Out of pre-history steps a man-eating horror ..... 46



### VAMPIRE SLAYER

Baron Alexi pounds his point home when dealing with the undead .... 53

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# DEAR COUSIN EERIE



I think EERIE No. 4 was great! I liked "Hatchet Man" best, and "Island at World's End" least. Eerie's Monster Gallery was great. The zombies gave me a real chill.

The following is a poem I made up for you:  
Eerie, Eerie, Kind of dreary,  
what is your monsters' food?  
With ghouls and vampires,  
werewolves and witches, All in  
a killing mood!

Mikie Frahme  
Freeport, New York

Uncle Creepy may occasionally  
come up with a yell-yarn as  
frenzied as mine, but ol' skin-  
dome has yet to inspire poetry!  
—CE

I've just gotten issue No. 4  
and think it's fine. For the past  
couple of years, I've been col-  
lecting magazines like Mad,  
Sick, Yell, Batman and others.  
I have finally stumbled upon  
(Gasp!) EERIE. I think it's the  
top magazine of the cen-  
tury. I agree with Richard Mc-  
Keon, "All horror comics ex-  
cept EERIE and CREEPY are  
Thumbs Down!"

Steve Chaya  
Parma, Ohio

Thumbs Down? Even for a  
horror comic, that's a pretty  
funny name, but then, the com-  
petition'll try anything.—CE

I am always reading a few  
complaints in your fan mail,  
about a story which was lousy  
or had no plot, but I don't  
think you'll have to worry about  
getting any from issue No. 4.  
It was horrific!

Joseph Carney  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

EERIE was a little bit better  
this time. Your covers are get-  
ting a little sexy too. I think  
you should have more vampire  
and werewolf stories. These  
other stories aren't too spooky,  
what they are is stupid. I ex-  
pect more out of you than  
glosh. Me and my girl friends  
wish you luck in the future and  
for better stories.

Sharon Ferriola  
Hawthorne, New Jersey

I like my fanged friends as well  
as you, Sharon, but man can-  
not live on vampires and were-  
wolves alone (More often than  
not, it's vice versa).—CE

Whenever I get my claws on  
your latest issue, I have to  
find a place to read it. I can't  
read in the cellar because all  
the educated mice and rats  
keep looking over my shoulder  
and reading out loud. This of  
course bugs me. I can't read  
it at my friend's house, be-  
cause I can't trust him. I can't  
read it in the garbage can be-  
cause it's too dark and doesn't  
smell nice. Where can I read  
it? Do you have any sugges-  
tions?

Jim Beattie  
Toronto, Canada

Have you tried renting a cave?  
—CE

Just had to write and tell  
you how much I enjoy all three  
of your terrible magazines. The  
artwork is nothing short of fab-  
ulous! I simply adore horror  
and terror, and EERIE and  
CREEPY really send me. Archie  
Goodwin has quite a horrible  
imagination... Gad, the things  
he thinks of! I picked up  
EERIE No. 4 today—Wonder-  
bar! "Hatchet Man" was just  
too much! Every one of your  
mags is of the highest, high-  
est quality; the art stands out  
above any competition. The  
cover of EERIE No. 4 by Gray  
Morrow, was above excellent;  
it proves that someone besides  
Frazetta is able to draw fabu-  
lous covers. The whole issue  
was, overall, one of the better  
Warren magazines.

By the way, I'm fairly fa-  
miliar with most of your artists,  
being a very avid collector of  
Marvel comics. Ditko is, alas,  
gone from Spidey and Dr.  
Strange—a shocking, serious  
blow to fans everywhere. How-  
ever, if he had to go anywhere,  
thank heaven it was to Warren  
where I can still enjoy him.  
Gene Colan, of course, does  
slightly terrific work on Iron  
Man and Sub-Mariner, Orlando  
and Wood both used to do  
Daredevil, Severin did one or  
two SHIELD, and Toth drew  
one X-Men. Of course, I'm sure  
you know all this, so I don't  
know why I'm telling you again.

I can't stand war mags, but  
BLAZING COMBAT is quite  
good, and I LUV it. You've real-  
ly got the very best artists in  
the field; don't ever let go.  
Tell terrible Mr. Goodwin to  
never sleep, because he loses  
thinking and writing time  
that way. Once more I'll say  
that your comic-magazines are  
beautifully stunning and terri-  
bly wonderful. Please keep it  
up. I'll keep buying as long  
as people keep throwing pen-  
nies to my monkey.

Mike DeLong  
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Don't worry, Mike, Ghoulsh  
Goodwin doesn't know the  
meaning of the word "sleep"  
... Unfortunately, he doesn't  
know the meaning of the word  
"think" either! By the way,  
have you considered getting a  
gorilla? Then people might  
throw dimes.—CE

I've seen some pretty low  
gimmicks used to get publicity,  
but you have hit rock bottom.  
Sneaking a picture of one of  
your staff into "House of Evil"  
as the lost brother was in poor  
taste. As soon as I saw him,  
I said: "Ha! That has to be a  
member of the EERIE staff!"

Richard Roesberg  
Maple Shade, New Jersey

I'm afraid you've been misin-  
formed, Dick. The character in  
question was considered too  
ROTTEN to be a staff member.  
Last I heard of him, his whole  
career was CRUMBLING.—CE

Gory, haunting, crazy, spooky,  
mad, screaming, horrible,  
creepy, eerie, rattling, shriek-  
ing, dying, tuff, terrorizing,  
spine-tingling, gruesome. That's  
what I think of issue No. 4.

John Boesenberg  
Hicksville, New York

Appreciate the kind words,  
Johnny, but, CREEPY?!—CE

I just finished reading EERIE  
No. 4. It was great. Here's the  
way I rate the stories: Best,  
"Shrieking Man" and the worst  
was "House of Evil". I also  
think Gray Morrow should be  
congratulated on the cover. An-  
other thing is that if you send  
me a quarter, I'll burn all of  
my CREEPYs and buy only  
EERIEs from then on. How  
about it?

Jack Cassidy  
Baltimore, Maryland

For shame, Mr. Cassidy! How  
can you be so monstrously  
mercenary? I can't make a deal  
like that (on the salary, Warren  
gives me, I can't raise the quar-  
ter)! Besides, old Unc's tepid  
terror tomes aren't THAT bad

... They'll carry you through  
the off-month between appear-  
ances of my macabre master-  
works! Buy them both... Just  
be sure to stack my mags on  
top in your collection (hee,  
hee)—CE

Your new magazine, EERIE,  
is great. I'm sure glad that it  
came out. I disagree with other  
fans. Some say it's better than  
CREEPY and some say it's not  
as good. I say it has to be  
equal because EERIE just bor-  
rowed the superb artists and  
writers from CREEPY. There-  
fore, it can be no better, and  
no worse.

David Gille  
Green Bay, Wisconsin

A point well taken, Dave, but  
don't forget... my gory  
gazettes have something Uncle  
Creepy's rags don't—Namely.  
ME!—CE

I have started reading your  
magazine two issues ago and I  
look forward to every new one.  
Your book is tops in its field  
and the best magazine I've ever  
read. Here are a few things,  
however, I think you should  
do to your magazine:

1. Have Frank Frazetta draw  
CREEPY covers and let Gray  
Morrow do EERIE covers.
2. Publish a magazine every  
year with art (full page) by all  
the artists of CREEPY and  
EERIE and a few upcoming art-  
ists as well.
3. Look around for new artists  
and writers (not that the great  
staff you have now is bad).

If you do not like these  
ideas, okay; it's just my opin-  
ion.

Kevin Ruddell  
Toledo, Ohio

We're always glad to hear the  
opinions and suggestions of all  
you fellow fiends, Kevin. For a  
new writer, take a ghastly  
glimmer at "Dr. Griswold's  
File" by new scribe Carl Wes-  
sler.—CE

... "House of Evil" was  
real great, just like my house  
on a Saturday night, and  
"Hatchet Man" was sharp, but  
the one I liked best was "Is-  
land at World's End." Keep up  
the good work and I'll be claw-  
ing up the newsstand for the  
next issue.

Tom Madeo  
Carle Place, New York

It's in your claws now, Tom!

Want to write us? Address  
your poison pen letters to:  
EERIE LETTERS DEPT.  
Warren Publishing Co., 420  
Lexington Avenue, New York,  
New York 10017.





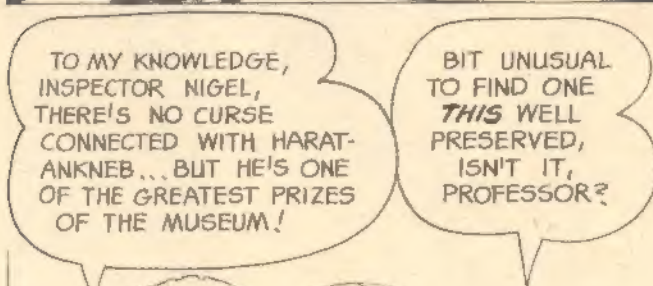
COME ON, **CULTURE VULTURES**, COUSIN EERIE'S GONNA BROADEN YOUR BRAIN WITH A TRIP TO THE MUSEUM! SOUNDS DULL? DON'T BE TOO SURE... BECAUSE IN THIS PARTICULAR MUSEUM...

# THE MUMMY STALKS!





NEXT DAY...





"NO ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION FOUND HIS TOMB, BUT A CREW OF ENGINEERS, BLASTING A DAM SITE... IT WAS FAR REMOVED FROM ANY BURIAL GROUNDS, UNMARKED, TOTALLY OBSCURED... COMPLETELY HIDDEN..."



"NATIVE WORKERS FLED THE SITE AND COULD NOT BE PERSUADED TO RETURN UNTIL LONG AFTER THE MUMMY HAD BEEN SHIPPED TO ENGLAND! IT WAS MY GOOD FORTUNE TO HAVE BEEN DIGGING SOME MILES TO THE SOUTH... I WAS CALLED UPON TO INSPECT THE TOMB..."



"IT WAS SINGULAR! NO INSCRIPTIONS ON THE WALLS, NO EFFECTS OF THE DECEASED.. NOTHING COMMON TO AN EGYPTIAN TOMB! NOT EVEN A *SOUL DOOR* FOR THE DEPARTING SPIRIT! JUST THE SARCOPHAGUS BEARING HARAT'S NAME..."



"BUT THE UNCONVENTIONALITIES OF THE TOMB WERE FORGOTTEN WHEN I PRIED OPEN THE SARCOPHAGUS... THE MARVELS OF EGYPTIAN EMBALMING ASIDE, THE PRESERVATION WAS FANTASTIC! LIKE SOMETHING BURIED FOR 100 YEARS, NOT 3,000! THE FIND OF A CENTURY!"





THAT WAS ALMOST A MONTH AGO, AND NOW ...THIS KILLING!

IF THERE'S SOME CONNECTION, PROFESSOR BRUCE, REST ASSURED WE'LL FIND IT OUT!



SERGEANT! I WANT A MAN ON DUTY IN THIS WING AT ALL TIMES! YOU TAKE THE EVENING WATCH... YOUNG SOAMES WILL RELIEVE YOU AT MIDNIGHT!

AYE, SIR!



I'LL SEE HOW MY SQUAD IS DOING WITH THEIR CHECK OF THE GROUNDS AND THE ROOF... BY THEN THE CORONER MAY HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL US ABOUT THE GUARD'S BODY...



...IF THERE'S ENOUGH LEFT OF THE CORPSE TO TELL HIM ANYTHING!



MIDNIGHT...

READY TO RELIEVE YOU, SERGEANT...

I'M GLAD OF IT, M'LAD! MOONLIGHT COMING THROUGH THESE WINDOWS MAKES THIS EGYPTIAN BRIC-A-BRAC CAST SOME WEIRD SHADOWS... PUTS A MAN ON EDGE!









MORNING...

I'VE HUNTED IN INDIA...  
SEEN MEN MAULED BY  
TIGERS... IT WASN'T  
**THIS** BAD! HE WAS JUST  
A BOY... NEW TO THE  
FORCE...

YOU MUSTN'T BLAME  
YOURSELF, INSPECTOR!  
THE KILLINGS TOOK  
PLACE IN MY WING  
OF THE MUSEUM...  
I FEEL JUST AS  
RESPONSIBLE AS YOU!

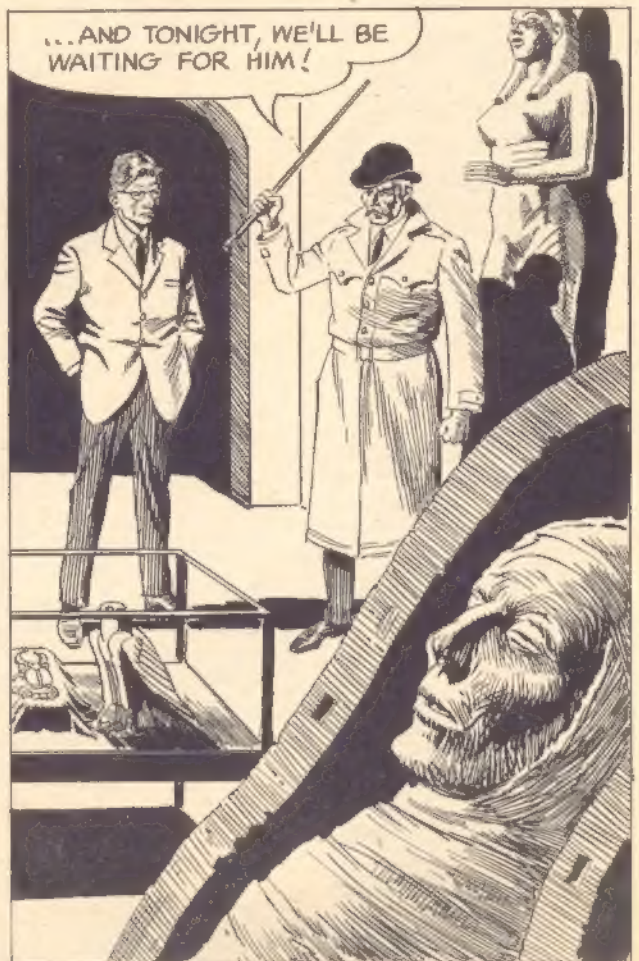
TONIGHT WILL BE  
DIFFERENT...  
TONIGHT I'LL TAKE  
THE LATE WATCH...



I MUST INSIST  
YOU LET ME  
ACCOMPANY  
YOU, INSPECTOR!

WINDOWS LOCKED FROM INSIDE  
AND UNTAMPERED WITH...MY  
MEN WERE POSTED OUTSIDE  
...THE KILLER **HAS** TO BE  
SOMEWHERE IN THE  
MUSEUM...

...AND TONIGHT, WE'LL BE  
WAITING FOR HIM!





OUTSIDE, A TOWER CLOCK TOLLED TWELVE...  
WITHIN THE EGYPTIAN WING, TWO SETS OF  
FOOTSTEPS ECHOED ON THE MARBLE FLOOR...

THE MOONLIGHT PROVIDES A GOOD  
DEAL OF ILLUMINATION... SHOULD  
HELP WITH OUR TASK...



GETTING LATE... THE  
KILLER MAY HAVE BEEN  
FRIGHTENED OFF BECAUSE  
THERE ARE TWO OF...

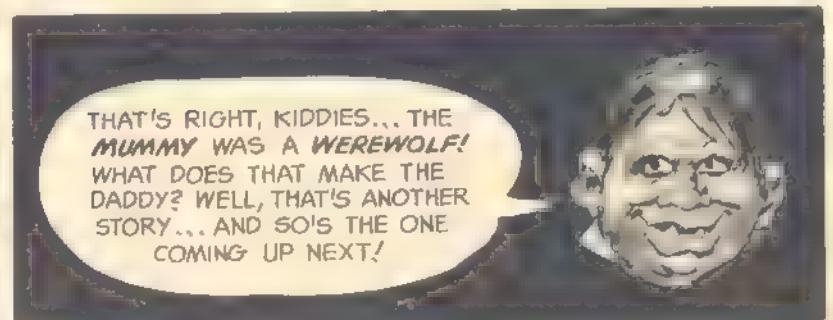
**NIGEL!** THE  
SARCOPHAGUS...  
**GOOD LORD!!**







A SUDDEN STENCH OF DECAY STUNG THE NOSTRILS OF THE TWO MEN... STRETCHED OUT ON THE FLOOR BEFORE THEM, HARAT-ANKNEB WAS UNDERGOING HIS **LAST** TRANSFORMATION.

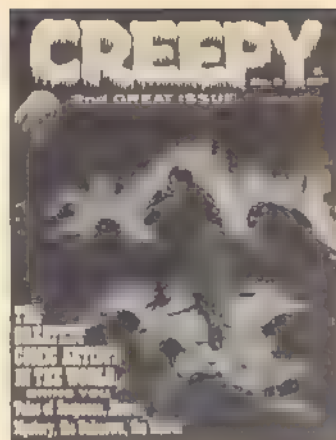




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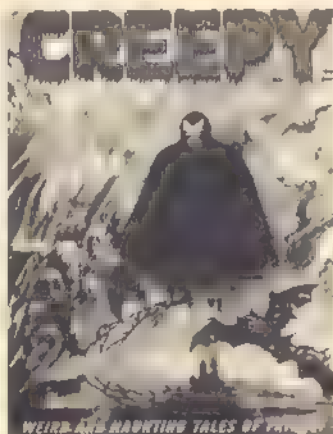
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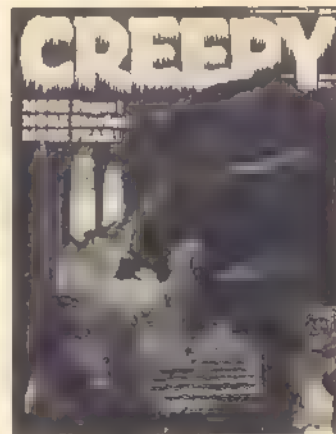
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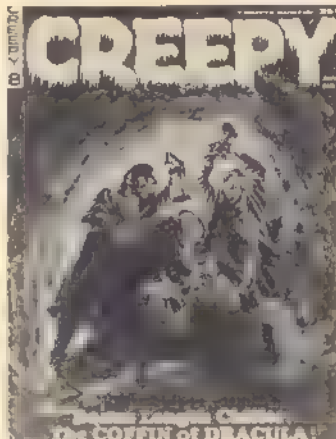
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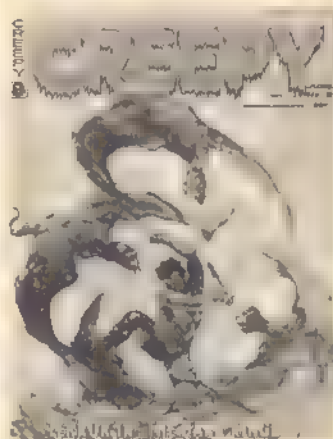
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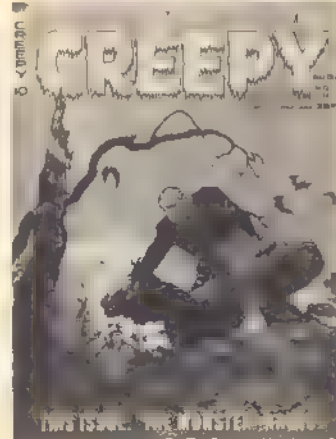
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PERK UP YOUR POINTED LITTLE EARS, *MERRY MONSTERS*, HEAR THE SOUNDS? THE CHATTER AND SCREECH OF TROPICAL BIRDS... THE SWISHING STROKE AND HACK OF MACHETES... THE WHINE AND BUZZING OF GNATS AND MOSQUITOS... THE LOW MUTTERING AND CURSING OF DESPERATE MEN ABOUT TO BE PITTED AGAINST ENGULFING *HORROR* IN...

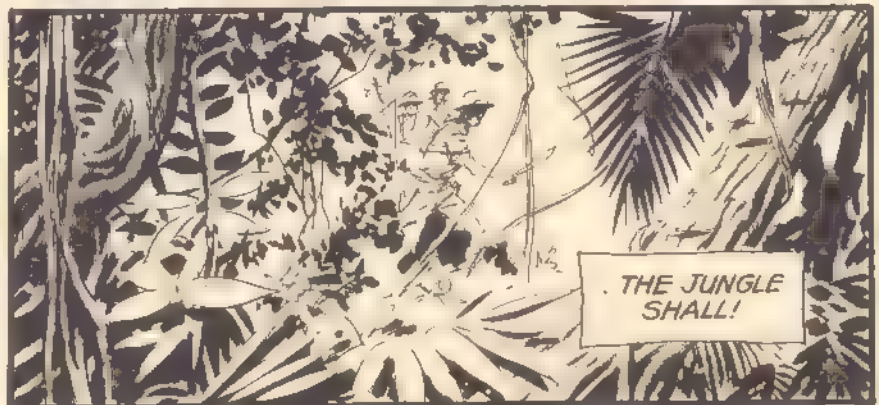
# THE JUNGLE



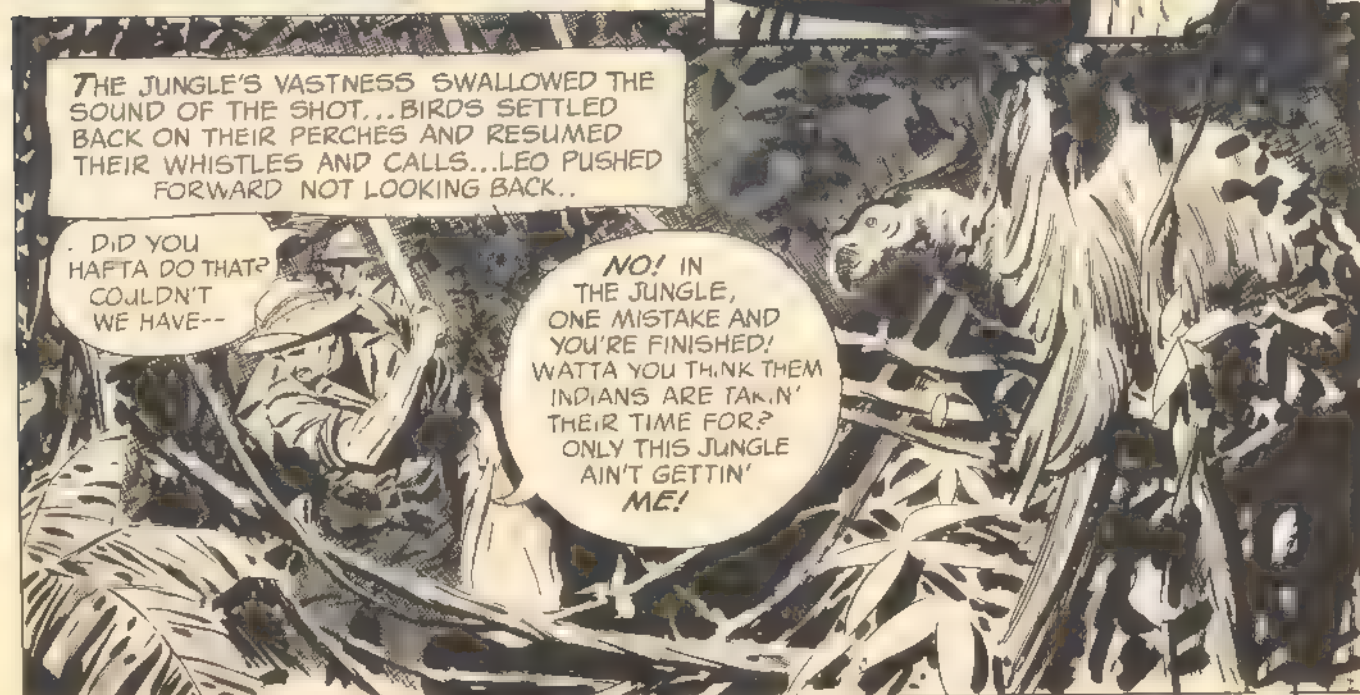




THE AMAZON JUNGLE! AMID ITS DENSITY OF UNEXPLORED GREENNESS, THE PROUD, PRIMITIVE CHAVANTES FISH, HUNT, BATTLE AND, SOMETIMES, MOURN...









THE MOCKING CHATTER OF MONKEYS ACCOMPANIED EACH MUSCLE-TORTURING SWING OF THEIR MACHETES ... HOURS DRAINED BY AS THEY INCHED THROUGH THE DARK UNDERGROWTH, UNTIL...

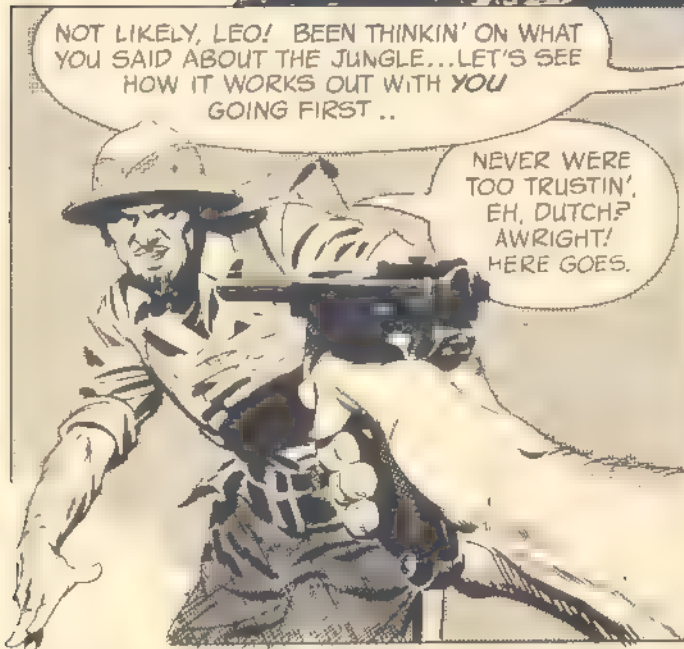
WHAT NOW? TOO W DE TO JUMP...

DOESN'T LOOK SW FT START ACROSS. WE CAN WADE IT!



NOT LIKELY, LEO! BEEN THINKIN' ON WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT THE JUNGLE... LET'S SEE HOW IT WORKS OUT WITH YOU GOING FIRST ..

NEVER WERE TOO TRUSTIN', EH, DUTCH? AWRIGHT! HERE GOES.



...NOTHIN'!



AS DUTCH HIT THE SURFACE OF THE WATER, THE STREAM AROUND HIM SEEMED TO COME TO LIFE ... FROTHING, BOILING, SEETHING WITH FRANTIC, TERRIBLE MOTION...

PIRANHAS! OUGHTTA LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP DUTCH... THEY'LL STRIP A MAN CLEAN OF FLESH IN MINUTES!



THE VICIOUS TIDE OF CANNIBAL FISH SWEEPED OVER THEIR PREY TURNING THE FOAMING WATER INTO A FOUNTAIN OF CRIMSON...

GOOD OL' DUTCH! KEPT 'EM BUSY LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO MAKE IT ACROSS ... AIN'T NOTHIN' STOPPIN' ME NOW!





SOMEWHERE ABOVE THE OCEAN OF TREES AND PLANTS SURROUNDING LEO, THE AFTERNOON SUN PULSED BRIGHTLY, ITS HEAT FILTERING DOWN THROUGH LAYERS OF LEAVES AND SHADE...



HEE, HEE...  
GOT IT MADE!  
JUST KEEP CHOPPIN'  
AWAY, I'LL BE IN  
THE CLEAR IN  
NO TIME!

THE DANKNESS GREW MORE INTENSE...  
A CLOUD OF MOSQUITOS HOVERED CON-  
STANTLY AROUND LEO'S HEAD, THEIR  
NEVER-ENDING BUZZING GRADUALLY BE-  
COMING MORE AND MORE ACUTE TO HIS  
EARS...



BLASTED  
VINES SEEM TO  
GET TOUGHER...  
THICKER...  
HARD TO CHOP  
THROUGH...

PERSPIRATION BEADED THICK ON HIS FORE-  
HEAD, THEN RUSHED IN STICKY RIVULETS  
DOWN HIS FACE, SPLASHING AT HIS EYES,  
AND ONTO HIS ALREADY SOAKED, WRETCH-  
EDLY CLINGING SHIRT...

☆☆☆☆@!!! IT!  
NEVER SAW ANY-  
THING LIKE THIS  
RUINED MY  
☆☆@!!! MACHETE!



EACH STEP BECAME TORTUROUS AND DIFFICULT...  
THE FOLIAGE TWISTED AND CLUNG, SNAGGING AND  
PULLING...CAPTURING NOW A FOOT, NOW A LEG, NOW  
AN ARM...



CAN HARDLY  
MOVE IN THIS STUFF...  
BETTER BACK UP...  
FIND THE TRAIL  
THROUGH...



LEO TURNED TO GO BACK, PULLING MORE VINES CONSTRICTINGLY TIGHT...EACH TWIST, EACH PULL SEEMED TO BRING HIM IN CONTACT WITH ONE MORE GRASPING VERDANT RUNNER...

ICAN'T MOVE!  
LET GO! LEMME  
OUT OF HERE!  
LET ME OUT!

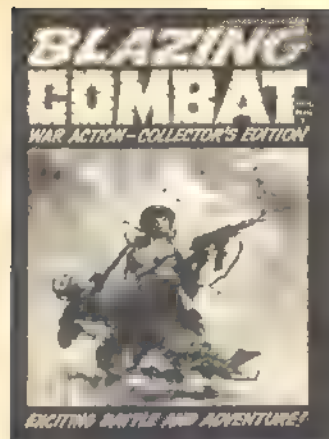
THE SACK DROPPED FROM HIS HAND AS LEO FOUGHT AND FLAILED AT THE ENTANGLING GREEN TENDRILS, HOPELESSLY PULLING THE WEB OF VEGETATION TIGHTER...TIGHTER...

N-NOOOO...  
CHOKING...  
CAN'T BREATHE...  
GAGHHHHH...

ONE HOUR LATER, A CHAVANTES HUNTING PARTY STARED IN SILENCE AT LEO... A SLIGHT BREEZE CAUSED THE VINES TO STIR THE BODY PUPPET-LIKE...SOMEWHERE, THE WITCH DOCTOR COULD BE SATISFIED...THE JUNGLE HAD NOT FAILED HIM!

POOR LEO! SHOULDN'T LET HIS PERSONAL LIFE GET SO ENTANGLED... I'VE HEARD OF GUYS BEING STUCK WITH **CLINGING VINES**, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS! OH WELL, SINCE LEO'S ALL TIED UP, BETTER TAKE YOUR MACHETE AND CHOP INTO MY NEXT **TERROR-TALE!**



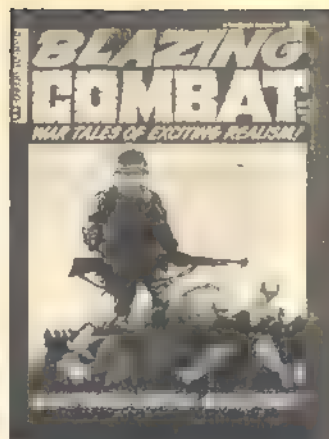


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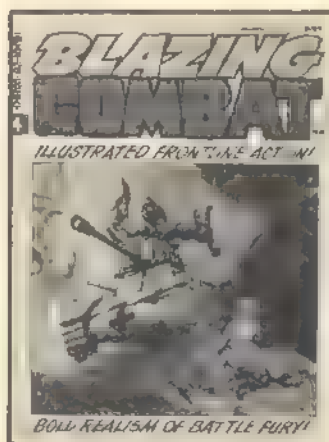


Second Great Issue #2

# GET THE MOST TALKED ABOUT COLLECTOR'S ITEM IN THE COMICS FIELD!



Hard-Hitting Issue #3



Current Issue #4



DON'T MISS AN ISSUE!  
SEND IN THIS COUPON  
FOR THIS ACTION-PACKED  
THRILLER! NO TRUE  
COLLECTOR SHOULD  
BE WITHOUT THE EXPLO-  
SIVE FURY PACKED IN  
THESE PAGES!

## GET BACK ISSUES WITH THIS COUPON

BLAZING COMBAT  
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EUROPE, DURING THE DARK AGES... IN THE DESCENDING TWILIGHT, AN AGED TRAVELER PAUSES IN HIS JOURNEY..

I SEEK THE WIZARD VALDAR... IS IT HERE HE WORKS HIS ARTS?

OUR RULER'S COURT MAGICIAN... SEEK HIM NOT, ANCIENT ONE! FEW ARE SO POWERFUL... NONE MORE EVIL!



NO SENSE IN WAITING AROUND, FELLOW FIENDS... THERE'S SOME **NEFARIOUS NECROMANCY** UNDERWAY IN THE CASTLE AHEAD, AND YOU'LL WANT TO BE ON HAND FOR SOME **SINISTER SORCERY** AS VALDAR STRETCHES TO THE LIMIT HIS POWERS OF..

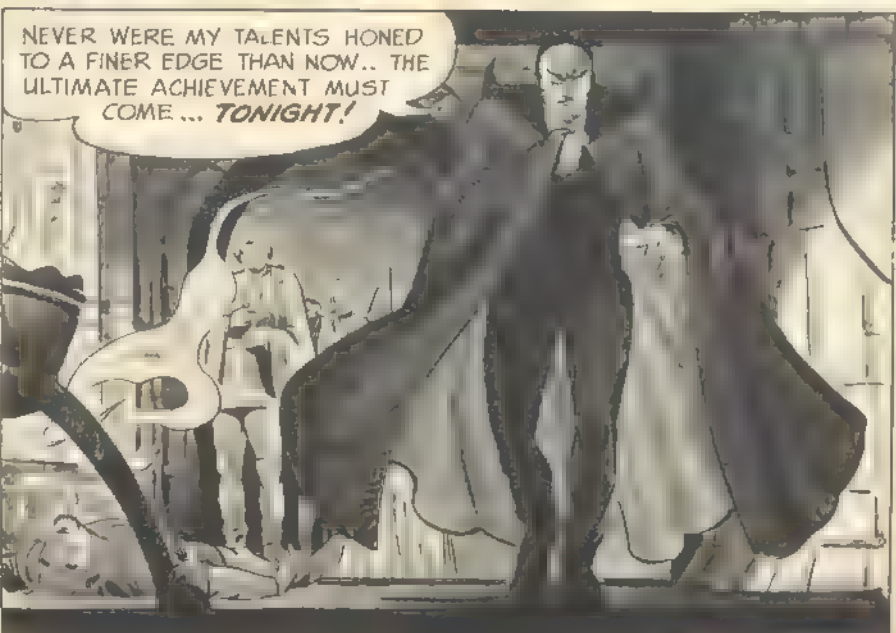
# BLACK MAGIC



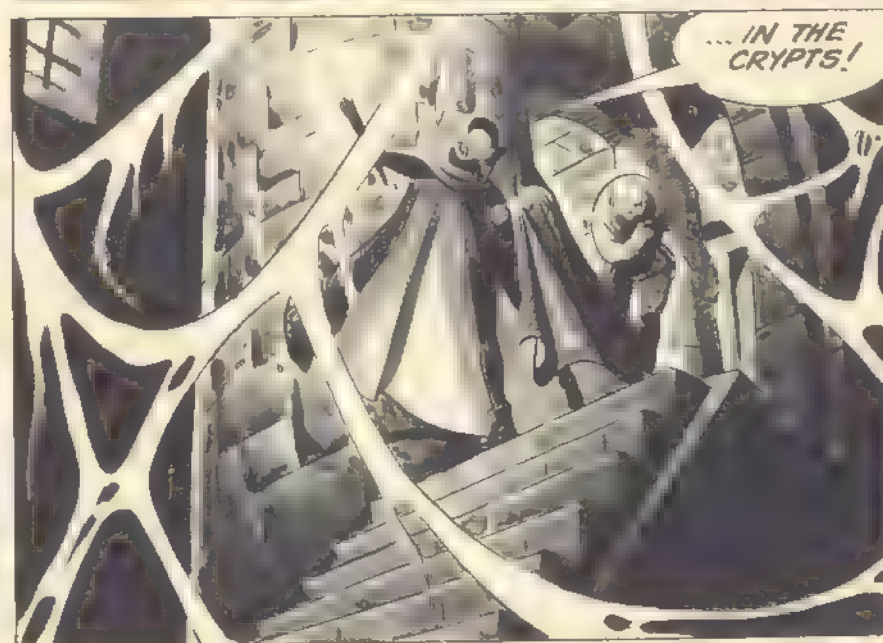
BEHOLD! THE POWERS OF THE UNKNOWN! UNLEASHED ... UNCONTROLLABLE...













M-MASTER, PERHAPS  
WE SHOULDN'T...  
WE'VE NO RIGHT TO  
DISTURB THE SLEEP  
OF THE DEAD!

RIGHT IS WHAT MY MAGIC  
MAKES IT, DOLT! AND THE  
DEAD BUT OBJECTS FOR  
OUR USE!

TOO LONG HAVE I STAYED  
MY SKILLS... PERFORMING  
LIKE A JESTER FOR THE  
FOOLS OF THE COURT!  
TONIGHT, SIMON, I ENACT  
THE SUPREME SORCERY...  
**THE RAISING OF  
THE DEAD!**

IS THIS THE USE TO  
WHICH YOU PUT THE  
SKILLS I TAUGHT YOU,  
VALDAR? **SHAME!**

**YOU!** AFTER  
ALL THESE YEARS.

YOU WERE TOO TALENTED  
AN APPRENTICE TO SO ABUSE  
OUR ART! I DID NOT RAISE  
YOU... EDUCATE YOU... FOR  
EVIL SUCH AS THIS!

YOU TAUGHT ME  
WELL, OLD ONE,  
I'VE SINCE BECOME  
YOUR EQUAL...  
AND TONIGHT, I'LL  
PROVE YOU BETTER!

HEED ME, VALDAR!  
ABANDON THIS  
COURSE ON WHICH  
YOUR AMBITION  
LEADS... YOU  
CANNOT KNOW  
THE CONSEQUENCES!

THINK I'M STILL  
YOUR CRINGING  
APPRENTICE?  
I'M EQUAL TO  
ANY TASK OF  
NECROMANCY,  
OLD MAN!  
**FEEL MY  
POWER!**







THE OLD MAN'S SHOUTS AND WARNINGS ARE LEFT FAR BEHIND AS VALDAR'S TORCH GUIDES THEM DEEP INTO THE TOMB'S MUSTY DANKNESS...

THIS IS THE ONE! THE LADY ROWENA... HER BEAUTY IS LEGEND!

B-BUT... SHE'S BEEN DEAD NEAR A HUNDRED YEARS!



LABORIOUSLY, THE LONG-DECAYED BURDEN IS TRANSPORTED FROM ITS RESTING PLACE...



THICK OX!  
IT MATTERS NOT!  
I CAN RECLAIM  
ANY REMAINS...  
TONIGHT, ONE GIRL...  
TOMORROW, A DOZEN  
MEN... A LEGION!  
**AN ARMY!**

UP WINDING STONE STAIRS, THROUGH SILENT ARCHED CORRIDORS, TO THE SINISTER GLOOM OF THE SORCERER'S CHAMBERS...

MINSTRELS SANG OF THE FAIR FLESH THAT ROUNDED THESE BONES... NOW I'LL CALL IT UP FOR OUR CENTURY TO BEHOLD!



THEN, FROM THE DARKNESS BEYOND THE CANDLES, A STIRRING...

SAY NOT THE WORDS, VALDAR! HAVE MY TEACHINGS EVER BEEN FALSE?

IT'S WELL YOU STAYED, OLD FOOL, FOR NOW I'LL SHOW YOU THE LIMITS OF YOUR TEACHING, HOWEVER TRUE!



ONCE STARTED IT CANNOT BE STOPPED! DON'T DO I---

**REGIUS MALLEUM  
... SHIBBIEOTH  
NOSTARE VEX...**







LLARTH COMGUTH...  
TANNEUS KRIIGUM...



...ARISE!

WHAT SAY YOU NOW, ANCIENT  
ONE? WILL YOU SIT AT MY  
FEET AND LEARN FROM  
YOUR PUPIL?



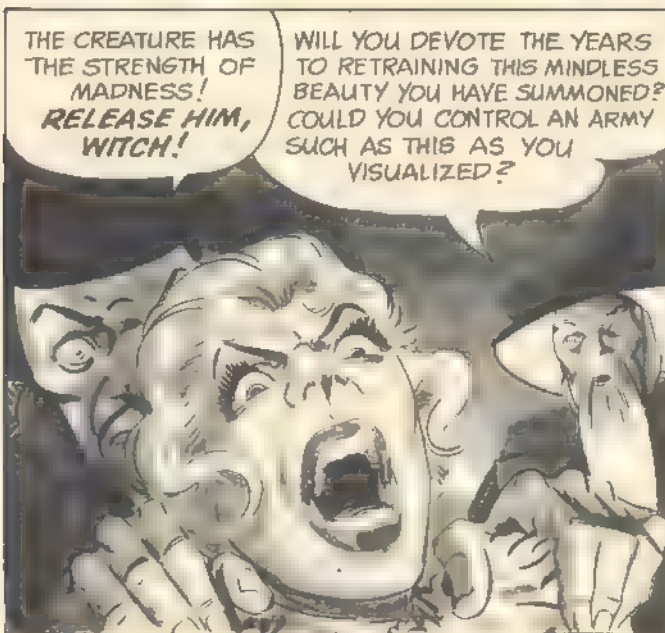
EEEE-YAAH!!

WHAT'S THIS?!  
CEASE! OBEY  
ME!



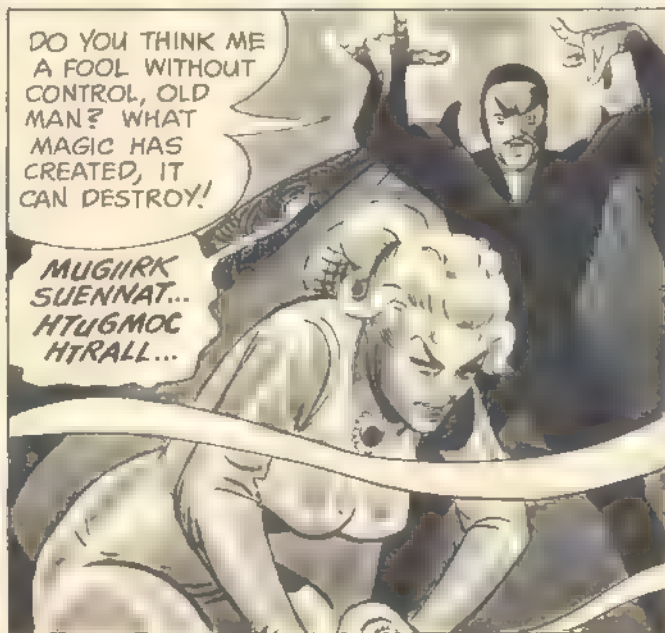
MASTER!  
SHE'S  
KILLING  
ME!  
MASTER!

YOU'VE RECALLED THE FLESH, BUT DID  
YOU THINK THE LONG-DEAD BRAIN  
WOULD RETAIN ITS KNOWLEDGE  
AND SANITY? THERE ARE NO  
SPELLS FOR DECAYED MINDS!



THE CREATURE HAS  
THE STRENGTH OF  
MADNESS!  
RELEASE HIM,  
WITCH!

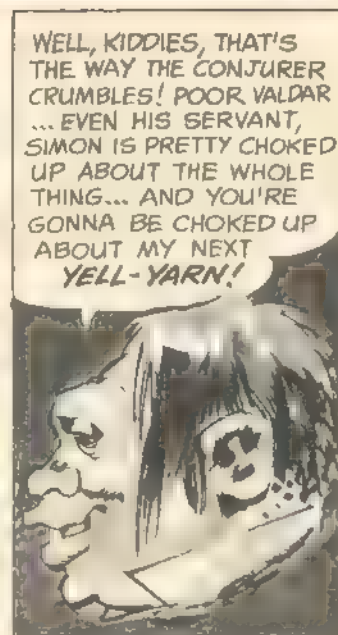
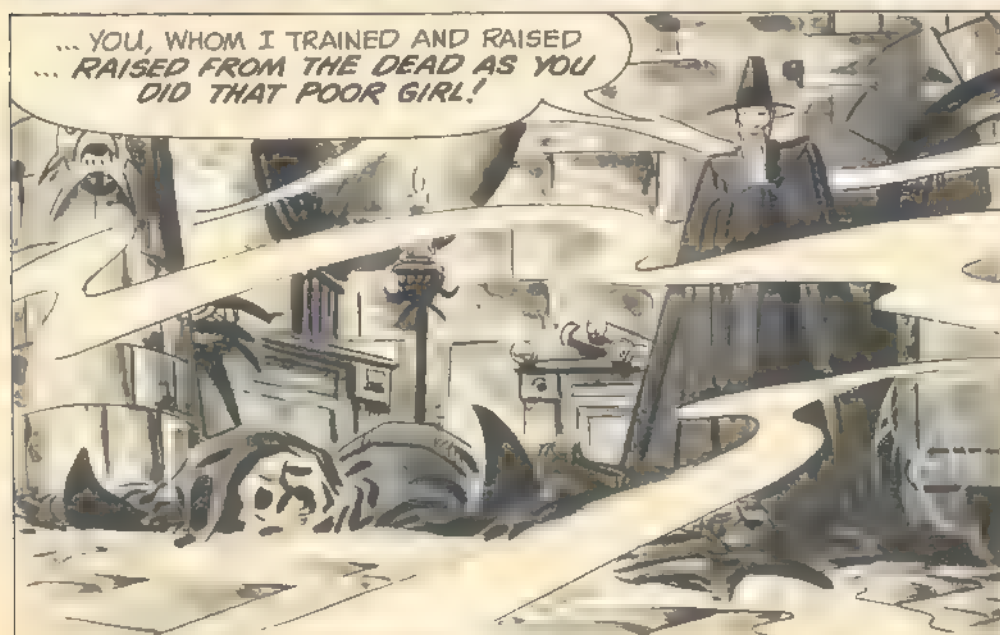
WILL YOU DEVOTE THE YEARS  
TO RETRAINING THIS MINDLESS  
BEAUTY YOU HAVE SUMMONED?  
COULD YOU CONTROL AN ARMY  
SUCH AS THIS AS YOU  
VISUALIZED?



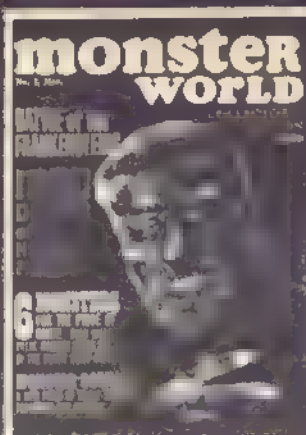
DO YOU THINK ME  
A FOOL WITHOUT  
CONTROL, OLD  
MAN? WHAT  
MAGIC HAS  
CREATED, IT  
CAN DESTROY!

MUGIIRK  
SUENNAT...  
HTUGMOC  
HTRALL...









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NO. 2—THE MUNSTERS



NO. 3—THE SHE CREATURE



NO. 4—LETTER TO LEE



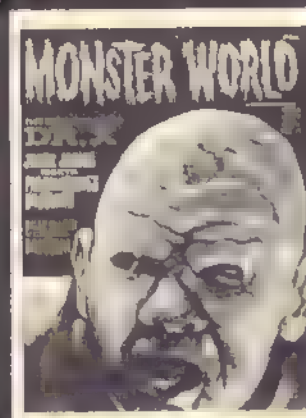
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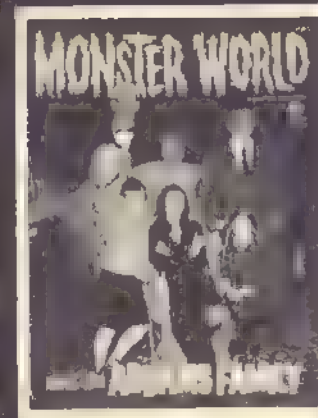
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NO. 7—FRANKENSTEIN'S SON



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GREETINGS, GHOULS... FIND YOURSELF IN THE SAME OLD ROTTEN RUT DAY-IN, DAY-OUT? HOWLING FOR A CHANGE OF PACE IN YOUR HORROR HABIT? THEN PUT YOURSELF IN THE PLACE OF **GEORGE SIMMONS**, WHO'S ABOUT TO DISCOVER LIFE, AND EVEN DEATH CAN BECOME...

# A MATTER OF ROUTINE!

LIKE EVERY OTHER DAY, YOU LEAVE THE OFFICE AT 5:00 P.M., UTTERING THE SAME TIRED PHRASES TO EVERYONE ELSE LEAVING WITH YOU...

SEE YOU, GEORGE...

G'NIGHT, HARRY. SEE YOU TOMORROW...

LIKE EVERY OTHER DAY, YOU BUY THE AFTERNOON NEWSPAPER AND ELBOW YOUR WAY INTO THE CRUSH FOR THE COMMUTER TRAIN...

WONDER HOW THE METS MADE OUT TODAY...

LIKE EVERY OTHER DAY, YOU BUCK THE STRUGGLE FOR A SEAT AND FINALLY SETTLE DOWN WITH YOUR PAPER ON THE LONG ISLAND TRAIN...

PLAYING POKER THIS THURSDAY, PHIL?

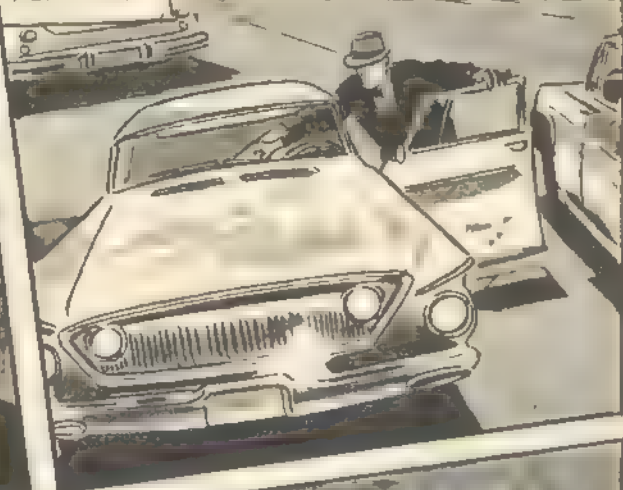
NOT IF YOU WIN LIKE LAST WEEK, GEORGE...



YOU GET OFF THE TRAIN WITH THE SAME CROWD OF COMMUTERS AS ALWAYS, WALK PAST THE SAME PLATFORM BILLBOARDS AS ALWAYS...



THE CAR IS IN THE SAME PARKING LOT AS ALWAYS, NEEDING A WASH AND POLISH AS ALWAYS...



YOU CLEAR THE KIDS' TOYS FROM THE DRIVE AND PARK AS ALWAYS, STRIDE WEARILY UP TO THE FRONT PORCH AS ALWAYS...



AUTOMATICALLY YOU TWIST THE KEY IN THE LOCK, OPEN THE DOOR, AND STEP INSIDE... AS ALWAYS...









WAVES OF SHOCK PULSE OVER YOU LIKE THE STEAMING HEAT RISING FROM THE ASHEN GROUND BENEATH YOUR FEET...

T-THIS IS *INSANE!* IMPOSSIBLE!.. I SHOULD BE INSIDE MY HOUSE... I-IT JUST CAN'T BE!



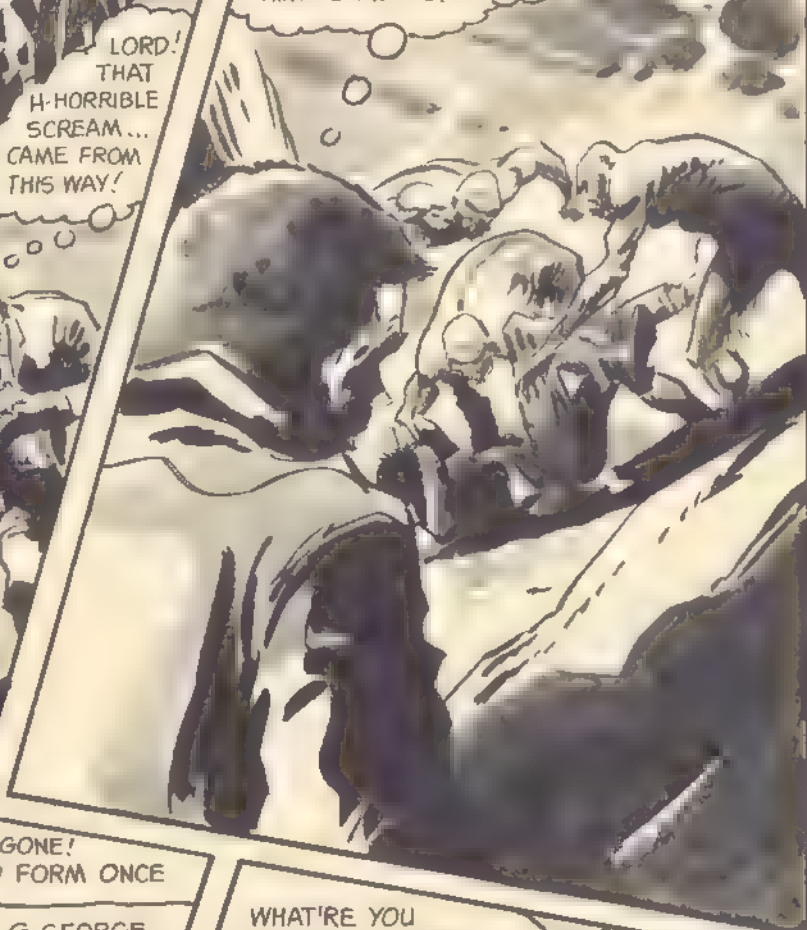
ON TREMBLING LEGS YOU MOVE FORWARD INTO THIS NIGHTMARE THAT YOUR MIND DENIES EVEN AS YOUR TINGLING SENSES PROCLAIM ITS EXISTANCE...



LORD! THAT H-HORRIBLE SCREAM... CAME FROM THIS WAY!

YOU KNOW YOU DO NOT WANT TO SEE THE SOURCE OF THOSE TERRIBLE CRIES... YET YOU SUDDENLY FIND YOUR EYES RIVETED ON A SCENE OF BARBAROUS HORROR! YOU FIGHT A SWEEPING LASH OF NAUSEA...

IT'S A MAN! THOSE T-THINGS ARE TEARING HIM TO PIECES!



THE SCREAMING-FADES AND SOMEHOW YOU GAIN COURAGE TO LOOK UP AGAIN... THE MONSTERS ARE GONE! YOU MOVE TO THE SIDE OF THE MUTILATED FORM ONCE A MAN, SOMEHOW STILL BREATHING...

PHIL! OH, LORD... PHIL! WHAT WERE THOSE THINGS?



G-GEORGE... YOU HERE! YOU DEAD TOO...

WHAT'RE YOU SAYING...? WE'RE ALIVE! WE WERE ON THE TRAIN TOGETHER...

IF YOU'RE ALIVE, GEORGE.. RUN... ESCAPE! I WAS KILLED IN CAR WRECK... DRIVING FROM STATION! THIS IS... LAND OF THE DEAD!

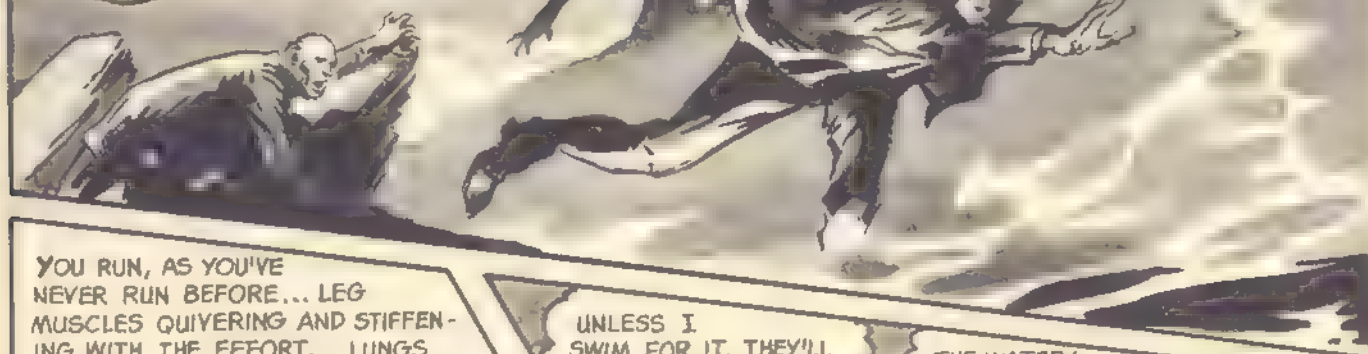




THE WORDS BRING  
A CHILL TO YOUR BODY  
LIKE AN ICICLE IN THE  
HEART... RAW PANIC  
STRIKES AT YOU WITH  
SLEDGE-HAMMER  
BLOWS AS GROSS  
INHUMAN NOISES GROW  
LOUDER BEHIND YOU...

RUN, GEORGE...  
ESCAPE...

ANOTHER ONE!  
SEIZE HIM... **GET HIM!**



YOU RUN, AS YOU'VE  
NEVER RUN BEFORE... LEG  
MUSCLES QUIVERING AND STIFFEN-  
ING WITH THE EFFORT... LUNGS  
RAW AND THROBBING WITH EACH  
TORTURED GASP...

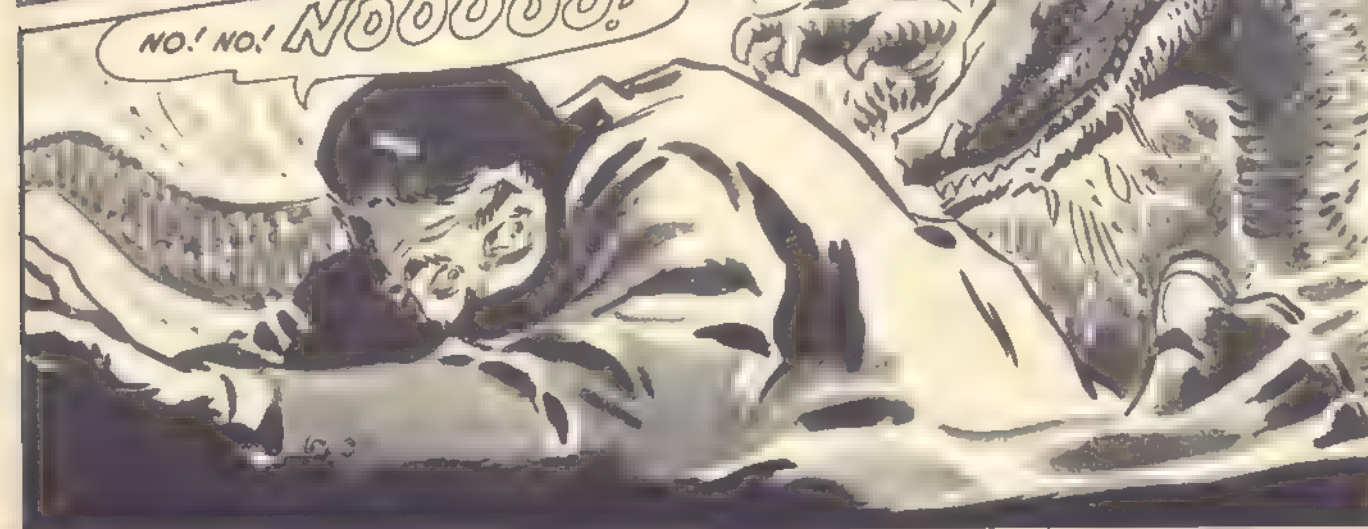
**NO!** LEAVE ME ALONE... IT'S A  
MISTAKE! I'M ALIVE... **ALIVE!**

UNLESS I  
SWIM FOR IT, THEY'LL  
GET ME SURE...

THE WATER!  
SOMETHING'S STIRRING  
BELOW!



**NO! NO! NOOOOOO!**





YOU FALL TO THE SCORCHED BLACK CINDERS OF EARTH, YOUR ONLY ESCAPE ROUTE BANISHED... THEN SUDDENLY YOU ARE GRIPPED FROM ALL SIDES BY A HORRENDOUSLY INHUMAN TOUCH LIKE A THOUSAND SLITHERING WORMS! YOU KICK, STRUGGLE, SQUIRM, SCREAM...

YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE!  
I'M ALIVE, I TELL YOU...  
**ALIVE!**

THEY ALL THINK THAT...  
**AT FIRST!** IF YOU AREN'T DEAD NOW...

...YOU SOON  
WILL BE!

NO WORDS, NO ACTIONS HAVE ANY EFFECT ON THE BRUTE CREATURES... SHOWING NEITHER PITY NOR CONCERN, ONLY UNNATURAL ANTICIPATION, THEY LENTLESSLY BRING YOU TO THE PLACE OF RECKONING...



**PLEASE!** T-THIS CAN'T BE  
HAPPENING...I'M **GEORGE  
SIMMONS!** I'M ALIVE!

ABOVE YOUR HEAD QUIVERS THE EXECUTIONER'S AXE,  
HORRIBLE IN THIS DAMNED PLACE NOT FOR WHAT IT WILL  
END, BUT FOR WHAT IT BEGINS...

**SILENCE!** THIS IS NOT A TIME OF  
BARGAINING... ONLY OF  
RECKONING!

THERE IS  
NOTHING-  
BUT SILENCE,  
SAVE FOR THE  
DRY CRACKLE OF  
THE LEDGER  
PAGES AS THEY  
TURN, AND  
YOUR OWN  
ANGUISH SOBS...

HIS FINAL  
ENTRY'S NEVER  
BEEN MADE! HE  
SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN  
CALLED! NOT YET...  
IT'S A BREAK IN THE  
ROUTINE!

**DOLTS!** YOUR  
GREEDY BLOODLUSTING  
CAUSED THIS! LET THE  
WRETCH GO!

THE MISTS SWIRL AND  
CLOSE IN ON YOU AS RELEASE COMES  
FROM THE TERRIBLE GRASP THAT HELD YOU... LEAVING ONLY  
THE FADING ECHO OF THE HOLLOW VOICE OF DOOM...

...WE'LL HAVE HIM FOR GOOD  
SOON ENOUGH!



YOU GET OFF THE TRAIN WITH THE SAME CROWD OF COMMUTERS AS ALWAYS, WALK PAST THE SAME PLATFORM BILLBOARDS AS ALWAYS...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME... DAYDREAMING LIKE THAT! MUST BE THE HEAT...

YOU DRIVE HOME AND PARK AS ALWAYS, STRIDE WEARILY UP TO THE FRONT PORCH AS ALWAYS...

BUT MY BRIEF-CASE... HAT... BOTH GONE!

AUTOMATICALLY YOU START TO TWIST THE KEY IN THE LOCK... **AS ALWAYS...**

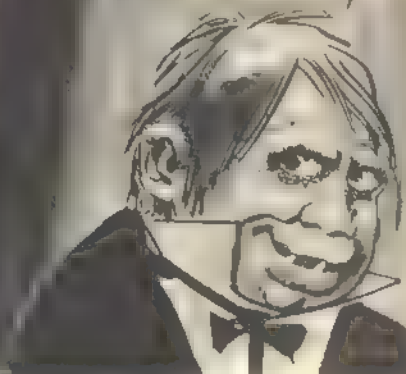
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE... HAS TO BE IMPOSSIBLE...



YOU FREEZE WITH YOUR HAND ON THE KEY, SUDDENLY AFRAID TO MOVE... IT'S JUST YOUR HOUSE, ONLY YOUR HOUSE BEHIND THAT DOOR... OR IS IT? YOU CAN NEVER BE SURE... AND FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE, OPENING YOUR FRONT DOOR, IF EVER YOU OPEN IT AGAIN, CAN NEVER BE... **A MATTER OF ROUTINE!**



HEH, HEH! LOOKS TO ME LIKE GEORGIE BETTER GET AN APARTMENT IN TOWN... UNLESS HE WANTS TO GROW OLD ON THE FRONT PORCH! TRY MY NEXT STORY... IT'LL MAKE YOU GROW OLD... **FROM FRIGHT!**





TOP OF THE MORBID TO YOU, FIENDIES! SLINK INTO MY **MOLDY MAUSOLEUM**, PULL UP A CORPSE AND MAKE YOURSELVES MISERABLE WHILE I BRING TO LIFE THIS **SCREAM-STORY** OF THE WALKING DEAD AND THAT VILE ...

# DR. GRISWOLD'S FILE!

LONDON'S BIG BEN BOOMED FAREWELL TO THE HANGMAN'S VICTIM ON A CHILL OCTOBER NIGHT IN 190-- AND IN THE SHADOWS, DR. HARRY GRISWOLD WAITED-- SHIVERING AS MUCH FROM ANTICIPATION AS THE BONE-GNAWING COLD OF THE FOG ENSHROUDING THE GRAVEYARD...

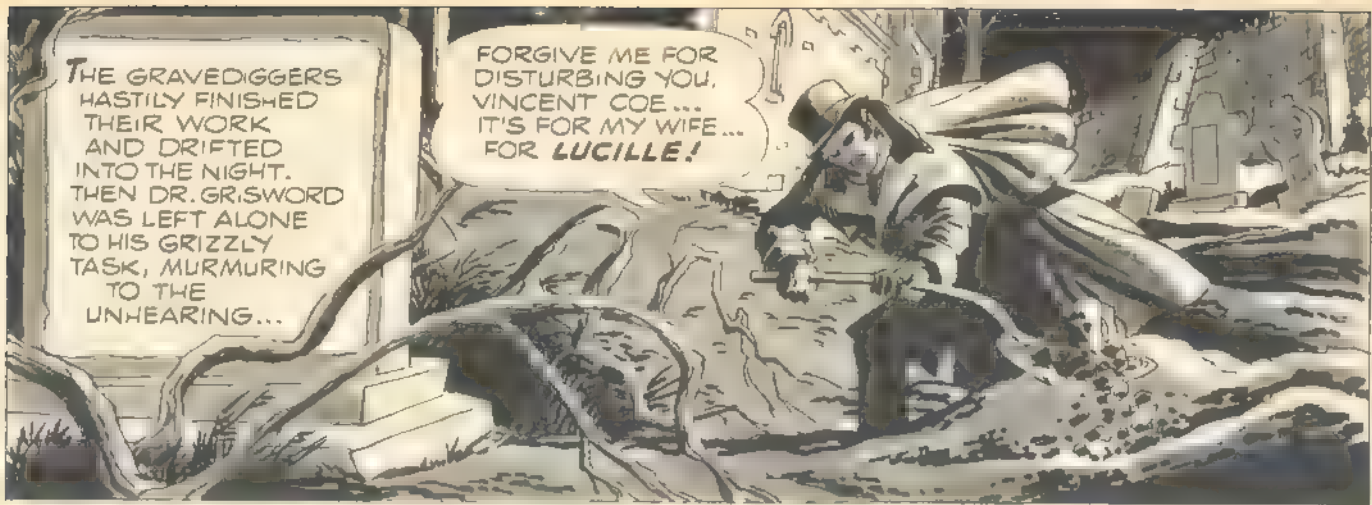
NOT RIGHT FOR  
EVEN A 'ANGED  
MURDERER TO  
GO TO 'IS GRAVE  
WITHOUT A WORD  
SAID OVER 'IM!

AYE! BUT THAT'S  
THE WAY 'E WANTED  
IT ALF!

LET'S GET ON WITH IT, OSCAR ... THE OLD  
LADY'S GOT ME DINNER WAITIN'!

ROCKE





THE GRAVEDIGGERS HASTILY FINISHED THEIR WORK AND DRIFTED INTO THE NIGHT. THEN DR. GRISWORD WAS LEFT ALONE TO HIS GRIZZLY TASK, MURMURING TO THE UNHEARING...

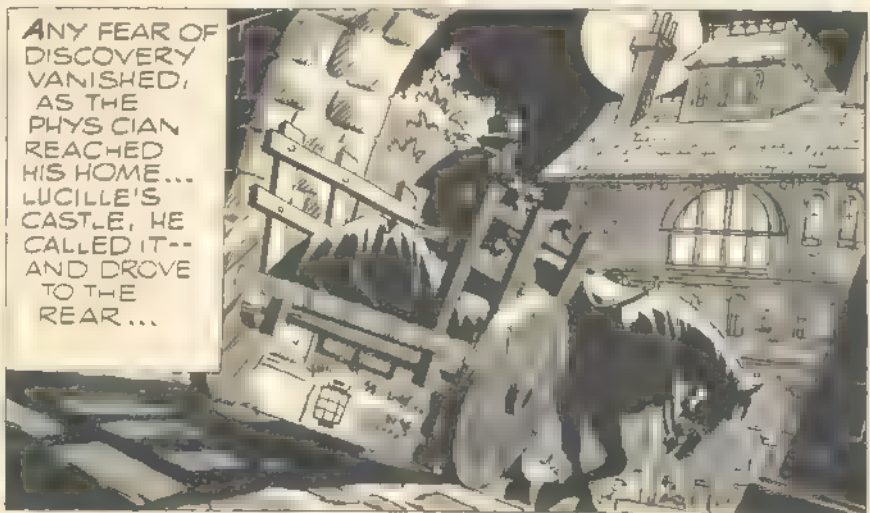
FORGIVE ME FOR DISTURBING YOU, VINCENT COE... IT'S FOR MY WIFE... FOR LUCILLE!



YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT LUCILLE... THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT HER! IT'S A KIND OF MADNESS, I KNOW!



YOU SEE, COE, IT HAD TO BE YOU! A FRESH CORPSE... WITH A CRIMINAL'S INSTINCTS:



ANY FEAR OF DISCOVERY VANISHED, AS THE PHYSICIAN REACHED HIS HOME... LUCILLE'S CASTLE, HE CALLED IT-- AND DROVE TO THE REAR...



FINALLY DEPOSITING HIS GRUESOME BURDEN IN THE SECRET LABORATORY BEHIND HIS OFFICE...

COMFORTABLE, COE? THIS WILL BE YOUR HOME FOR AS LONG AS I NEED YOU... FAR MORE PLEASANT PLACE THAN A GRAVE, WHAT?





THERE, MY FRIEND...  
YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY  
BACK TO LIFE!



SEE, DARLING! I TOLD YOU MY  
CALL WOULDN'T TAKE LONG...

LONG ENOUGH, HARRY!  
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU  
BROUGHT ME A LITTLE  
SURPRISE...?



NOT YET,  
DEAREST!  
IT'LL TAKE  
TIME...

PLEASE, HARRY,  
DON'T CRUSH  
MY GOWN...  
...HOW MUCH  
TIME?



SOME WEEKS,  
I IMAGINE...  
DEAREST,  
YOU MUST  
UNDERSTAND,  
IT'S GOING  
TO BE A  
WHILE  
BEFORE I  
COLLECT  
MY FEES!

A MEASLY  
**FOUR  
THOUSAND  
POUNDS**  
FOR THE  
**EMERALD  
PENDANT!**  
SURELY  
YOU HAVE  
**THAT**  
MUCH...



I'VE SPENT  
**EVERYTHING**  
FOR THIS  
HOME, THE  
JEWELS,  
SERVANTS...  
YOU CAN  
HAVE THE  
WORLD,  
DARLING,  
JUST GIVE  
ME TIME!

THERE WAS  
NO TALK OF  
PATIENCE  
OR WAITING  
**BEFORE** YOU  
PROPOSED!  
I'M **SICK**  
OF EXCUSES,  
HARRY...  
DO YOU  
HEAR ME?  
**SICK!**



DESPERATION, FEAR THAT HIS ADORED LUCILLE MIGHT LEAVE HIM, DROVE THE PHYSICIAN TO COMPLETE HIS PROJECT...

NOW, COE... AT MY COMMAND... I ORDER YOU... TO **RISE!**



IT WORKS! HE OBEYS MY EVERY COMMAND! I CAN BEGIN...

FOLLOW ME, MY ZOMBIE... I'VE GIVEN YOU LIFE THAT I MAY KEEP MY WIFE! LIKE RHYMES, COE?



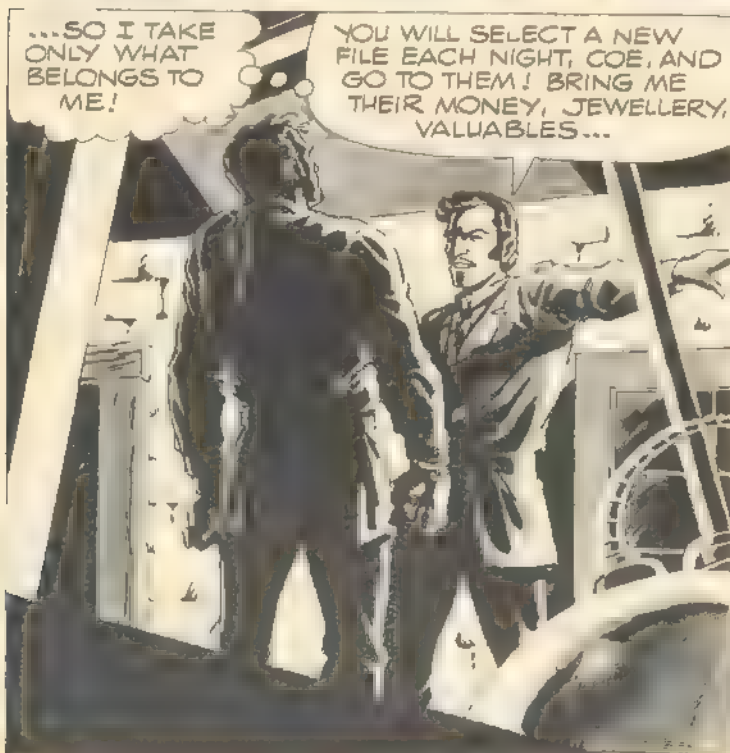
NO, YOU LIKE NEITHER RHYME NOR REASON... ONLY OBEDIENCE TO MY COMMANDS. VERY WELL, VINCENT... **REMOVE A CARD FROM THESE FILES!**

EVERY PATIENT I'VE HAD IS THERE... MANY OWE ME THEIR LIVES...

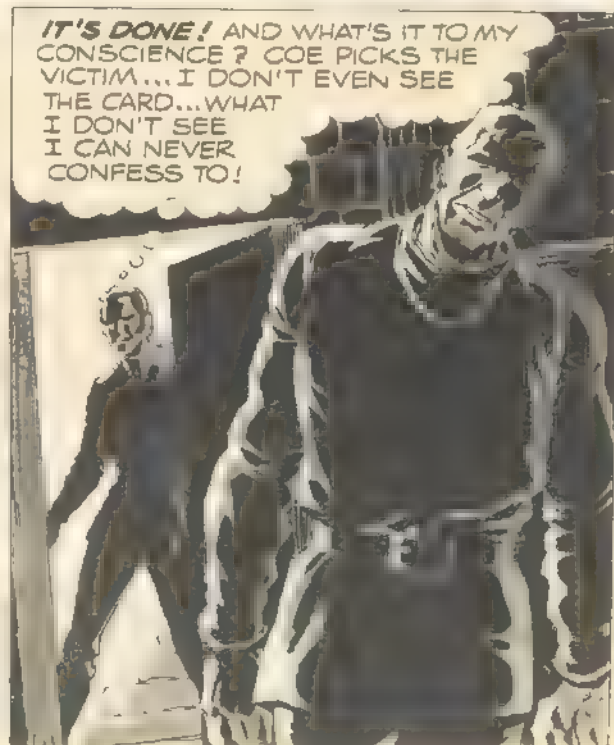


...SO I TAKE ONLY WHAT BELONGS TO ME!

YOU WILL SELECT A NEW FILE EACH NIGHT, COE, AND GO TO THEM! BRING ME THEIR MONEY, JEWELLERY, VALUABLES...



**IT'S DONE!** AND WHAT'S IT TO MY CONSCIENCE? COE PICKS THE VICTIM... I DON'T EVEN SEE THE CARD... WHAT I DON'T SEE I CAN NEVER CONFESS TO!



INTO THE  
SILENT NIGHT,  
THE LIVING  
DEAD SLOWLY  
STALKS,  
UNERRINGLY  
MOVING TO  
THE ADDRESS  
ON THE  
FILE CARD...

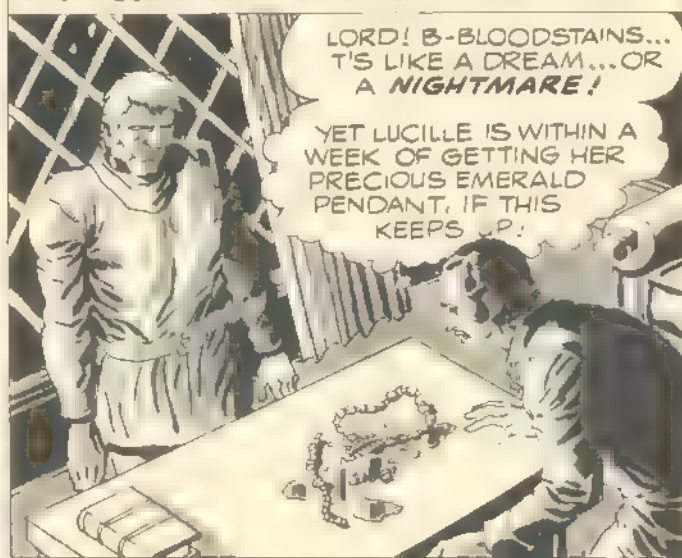
KRASH! EEEEEEEEEEE



HE WAS OBEYING HIS MASTER'S COMMAND,  
BUT MURDER WAS AS INSTINCTIVE TO  
VINCENT COE AS THEFT...



AS WAS CLEAR TO AN ANXIOUS GRISWOLD  
UPON COE'S COMPLETION OF THE GRIM TASK...



SO NIGHT AFTER NIGHT DR. GRISWOLD SENT  
VINCENT COE FORTH ON HIS DEADLY MISSION...



...AND NIGHT AFTER NIGHT HE RETURNED WITH  
THE FRUITS OF HIS VIOLENCE...





BUT LUCILLE GRISWOLD WAS NOT A WOMAN EASILY SATISFIED...

THE PENDANT, HARRY! WHAT ABOUT THE PENDANT? STILL COLLECTING FROM YOUR PATIENTS?

IT TAKES TIME, MY DARLING, BUT IT WILL BE YOURS SOON...VERY SOON!



TONIGHT IT ENDS! I'LL HAVE MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR LUCILLE'S PENDANT... IT WILL BE OVER AND COE CAN BE SENT BACK TO THE GRAVE!



AND AT LAST, THE NEXT DAY...

LUCILLE! LUCILLE, I'VE GOT IT!

GOT WHAT? THE... THE PENDANT?

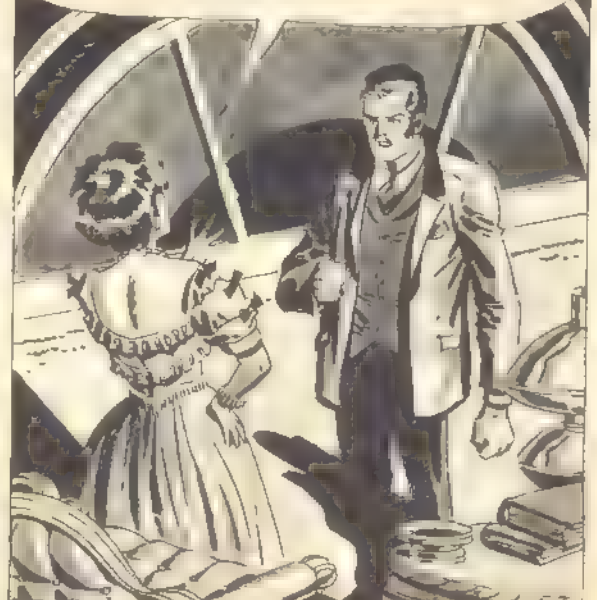


OH, THANK YOU, THANK YOU, HARRY DEAREST! IT'S JUST FABULOUS...HOW BEAUTIFULLY IT WILL GO WITH THE COAT!

COAT? WHICH COAT IS THAT, SWEETHEART?



THE **ERMINE** COAT, HARRY! I KNOW I TOLD YOU ABOUT THE ERMINE COAT I PRICED AT MURCHISON'S... ONLY TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS, DARLING...

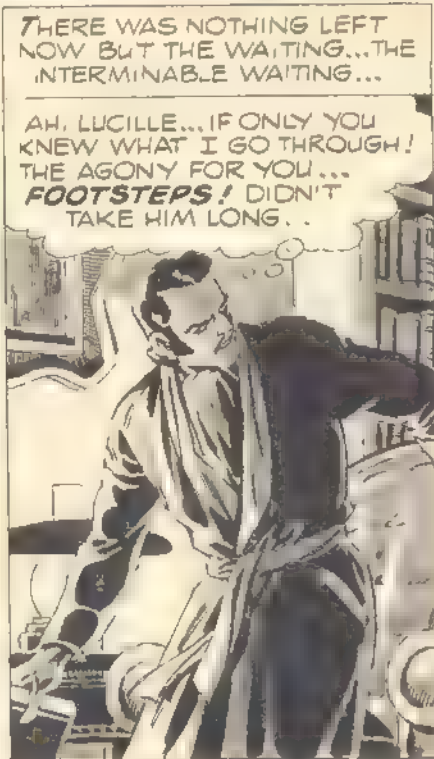




SO, COE... IT'S NOT OVER YET! ONLY LUCILLE, MY LUCILLE, COULD MAKE ME GO ON WITH THIS...



I HOPE YOU'VE PICKED A RICH ONE, VINCENT... LET'S BE DONE WITH IT TONIGHT!

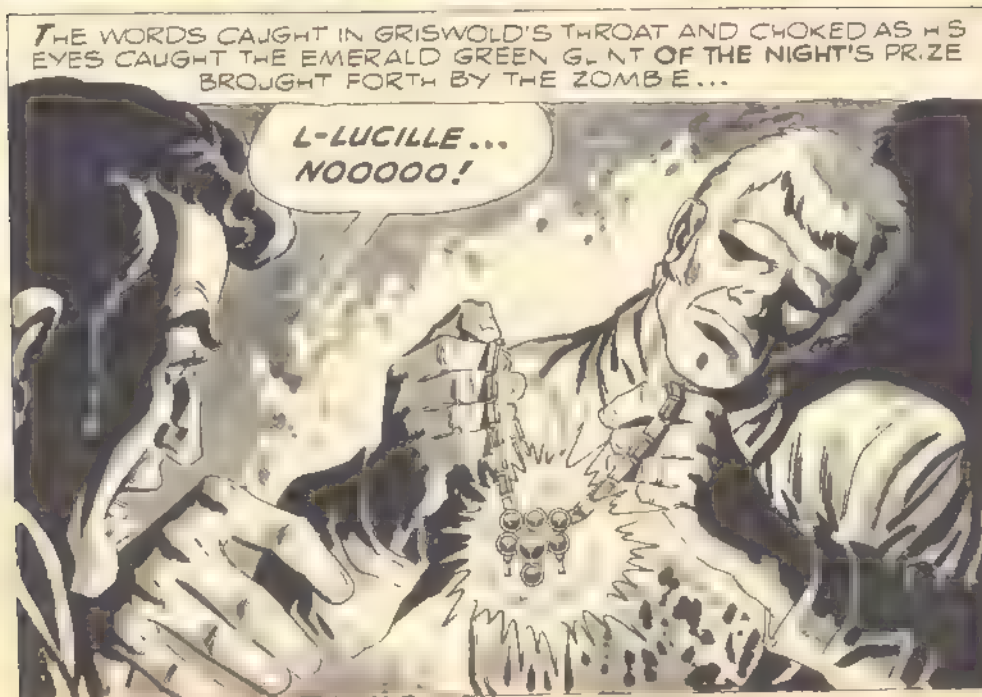


THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT NOW BUT THE WAITING... THE INTERMINABLE WAITING...

AH, LUCILLE... IF ONLY YOU KNEW WHAT I GO THROUGH! THE AGONY FOR YOU... **FOOTSTEPS!** DIDN'T TAKE HIM LONG...

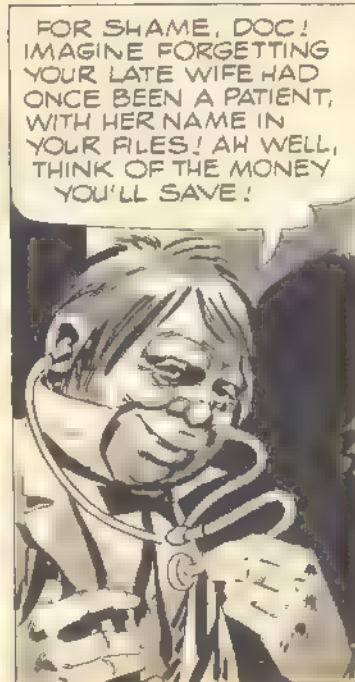


LORD, WHAT A MESS! MUST HAVE PUT UP QUITE A STRUGGLE, EH, COE? DON'T JUST STAND THERE! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU HAV...



THE WORDS CAUGHT IN GRISWOLD'S THROAT AND CHOKED AS HIS EYES CAUGHT THE EMERALD GREEN GLINT OF THE NIGHT'S PRIZE BROUGHT FORTH BY THE ZOMBIE...

L-LUCILLE... NOOOOOO!



FOR SHAME, DOC! IMAGINE FORGETTING YOUR LATE WIFE HAD ONCE BEEN A PATIENT, WITH HER NAME IN YOUR FILES! AH WELL, THINK OF THE MONEY YOU'LL SAVE!



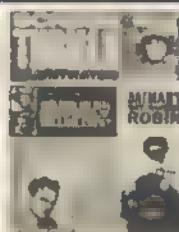
# POW! ZAM!

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☐ Issue #1  
☐ Issue #3  
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☐ Issue #5  
☐ Issue #6  
☐ Issue #9  
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GRAB YOUR RIFLES RABID READERS WE'RE GOING ON A **HAUNTING** EXPEDITION INTO TREACHEROUS **TERROR**-ITY TO SEEK OUT SOME REALLY BIG GAME! YOU'LL NEED ALL YOUR NERVE AS WE PLUNGE INTO THE LAIR OF...



# THE SWAMP GOD!

CROFT, THIS IS CRAZY! CHASING AROUND AFTER SOME INDIAN LEGEND!

YOU CAN'T BE SURE WHAT WE'LL FIND DOUGLAS! NOBODY'S BEEN THIS DEEP INTO THE SWAMP BEFORE. RIGHT, JOHNNY?

SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANCE CAME THE LOW RUMBLE OF APPROACHING THUNDER, FLASHES OF HEAT LIGHTNING BRIGHTENED THE NIGHT SKY... JOHN KIMA EASED UP ON THE POLE AND LET THE DUGOUT DRIFT IN A BRIEF STRETCH OF CLEAR WATER...ALREADY, HE WAS HAVING REGRETS ABOUT THE EXPEDITION...

NO WHITE MAN MR CROFT. FOR CENTURES MY PEOPLE HAVE MADE THIS AREA THEIR HOME... ISOLATED AND PRIMITIVE!

BUT YOU'RE AN EDUCATED MAN, K MA... YOU BELIEVE THIS SWAMP GOD" STUFF?



A HERON SCREECHED AND WINGED SKYWARD THROUGH THE DARKNESS, THEN ONLY THE MEN'S VOICES BROKE THE LAYER OF SILENCE THAT HUNG OVER THE SWAMP. THE SILENCE OF ANTICIPATION... PERHAPS OF THE APPROACHING STORM...

I BELIEVE ANY LEGEND HAS SOME ROOTS IN FACT! SOMETHING VERY REAL AND VERY TERRIBLE, STALKS IN THIS SWAMP!

AND JOHNNY'S FIXED IT SO YOU AND I GET FIRST CRACK AT IT, DOUGLAS!

EAGLES TO ELEPHANTS, I'VE BAGGED THEM ALL, KIMA...NOTHING IN HERE CAN BE **THAT** UNUSUAL!

UNUSUAL ENOUGH TO LEVEL ENTIRE VILLAGES! UNUSUAL ENOUGH THAT GENERATIONS OF MY TRIBE HAVE MADE SACRIFICES TO APPEASE IT! **HUMAN SACRIFICES!**

H-HUMAN SACRIFI--COME OFF IT KIMA! THIS DAY AND AGE? IF THERE'S MORE THAN AN OVERSIZED ALLIGATOR AROUND, I'LL EAT IT!

THIS SWAMP IS OLD...DEEP... UNTOUCHED BY TIME! PAST AND PRESENT MEAN LITTLE HERE...

I'M OF A PRIMITIVE AND DYING PEOPLE... I'VE TRIED TO CHANGE THEIR WAYS...IT WAS MY HOPE THE TWO OF YOU COULD HELP!

DON'T GET SORE, JOHNNY! DOUGLAS AND I ARE TOP HUNTERS. IF ANYONE CAN NAIL YOUR 'SWAMP GOD' WE CAN!

THUNDER RESOUNDED OVERHEAD AND DROPS OF RAIN BEGAN PELTING THE THREE MEN IN THE DUGOUT...

WHAT'S UP? WHY ARE WE STOPPING?

WE CAN GO NO FURTHER...THIS IS THE PLACE OF SACRIFICE, THE KILLING GROUND OF THE SWAMP GOD!



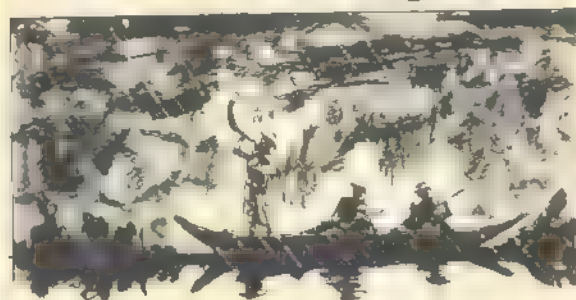
IT COMES  
FROM THERE..  
BEYOND THE  
TREES!

LOOKS  
PEACEFUL  
NOW...THIS  
RAIN WON'T MAKE  
WAITING EASY..

HATE TO  
HAVE COME ALL  
THIS WAY FOR  
NOTHI--  
WHAT'S THAT,  
JOHNNY.?



WHEN THE  
SWAMP GOD'S  
SACRIFICE WAS  
PREPARED, A  
BLAST FROM  
THIS HORN WAS  
SAID TO  
SUMMON  
HIM FORTH...



MOMENTARILY, ONLY THE SOUND OF THE  
RAIN WAS AUDIBLE IN THE SWAMP, THEN  
THE INDIAN GUIDE'S LIPS TOUCHED THE  
OLD HORN, FILLING THE NIGHT WITH A LONG  
WAIL, ECHOING LIKE THE CRIES OF A WOUN-  
DED ANIMAL...TORTURED AND UNEARTHLY!




DOUGLAS!  
T-THERE IN THE  
BOGS...



...S-SOMETHING'S  
STIRRING!





THE SWAMP'S STIFLING AIR  
WAS RENT BY A HUGE THUNDER  
CLAP, QUICKLY FOLLOWED BY  
THE CRACKLING BRILLIANCE  
OF LIGHTNING, ETCHING THE  
AREA IN AN EERIE GLOW!

TYRANNOSAURUS!  
KIMA WAS RIGHT...  
IT'S SURVIVED TIME!  
NURTURED ON  
H-HUMAN  
SACRIFICE...

OH, MY GOD!



DOUGLAS! IT'S  
T-TREMENDOUS...  
WE CAN'T--

THESE RIFLES  
ARE HI-POWERED  
ENOUGH TO STOP  
ANYTHING! FIRE,  
YOU FOOL!  
FIRE!



THE GUNS!  
THEY'RE NOT  
FIRING! THEY'RE  
NOT FIRI---



GNYAHHHHHHH!!!

OH, LORD...  
IT'S D-DEVOURING  
CROFT!

CROFT'S HIDEOUS DYING SCREAMS  
MINGLED WITH THE SAVAGE SOUNDS  
OF THE RAMPAGING BEHEMOTH, SENT  
DOUGLAS THRASHING THROUGH THE  
MURKY WATER...MUD AND SLIME BE-  
LOW CAUGHT AND GRABBED AT HIM,  
REDUCING HIS MOTION TO THAT OF A  
MAN IN A DREAM..

KIMA! I THOUGHT  
THAT T-THING GOT  
YOU WITH THE  
DUGOUT!

NO, MR. DOUGLAS,  
...I GOT AWAY  
AFTER SOUNDING  
THE HORN.





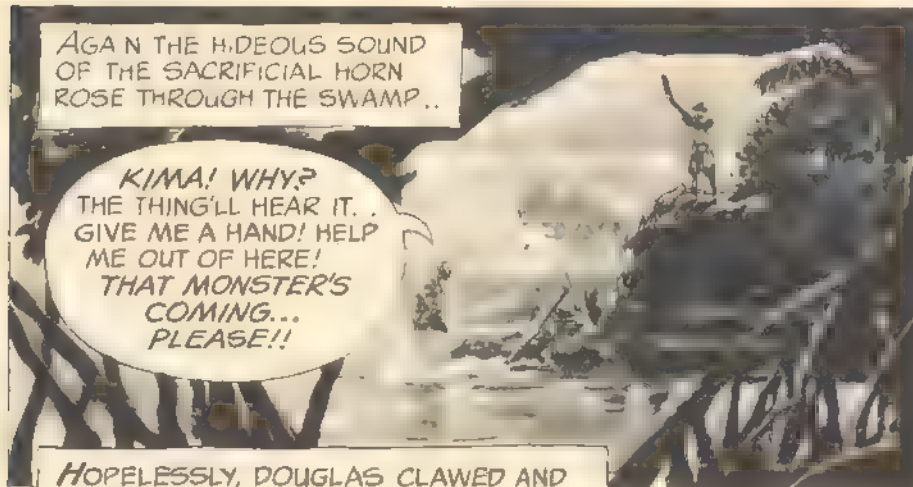


GOOD THING TOO! YOU MIGHT HAVE ENDED UP LIKE CROFT! BLASTED RIFLES... FINE WEAPONS FOR YEARS! HOW COULD THEY GO WRONG NOW?

NO BULLETS, MR. DOUGLAS... I REMOVED THEM WHEN I LOADED THE DUGOUT!



YOU DID WHAT? I DON'T UNDERSTAND, WHY--KIMA! WHAT'RE YOU DOING?! NO!



AGAIN THE HEDEOUS SOUND OF THE SACRIFICIAL HORN ROSE THROUGH THE SWAMP..

KIMA! WHY? THE THING'LL HEAR IT. GIVE ME A HAND! HELP ME OUT OF HERE! THAT MONSTER'S COMING... PLEASE!!

HOPELESSLY, DOUGLAS CLAWED AND SCRAPED AT THE MUD AND GRASS OF THE BANK ONLY TO FIND THE MIRE OF THE BOTTOM SLIPPING BENEATH HIS SCRAMBLING FEET. EVEN AS HOT REPTILIAN BREATH SPRAYED OVER HIM, ABOVE HIS OWN SCREAMS HE COULD HEAR JOHN KIMA'S FADING WORDS...

...SINCE FROM NOW ON, I'M USING OUTSIDERS ONLY!!

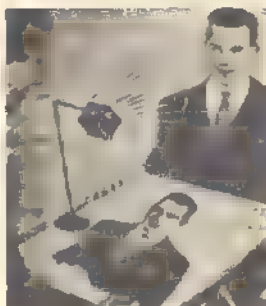


IT'S AS I SAID, MR DOUGLAS.. WITH YOUR HELP I'M CHANGING THE WAYS OF MY PEOPLE! THEY'LL CEASE DYING OUT FROM SACRIFICES...

HMMMMMMM... IT APPEARS DOUGLAS IS MORE SELF-SACRIFICING THAN I THOUGHT! NOW, BEFORE THE SWAMP GOD PUTS THE BITE ON HIM, WHY DON'T YOU NIBBLE AT MY NEXT GOODIE?



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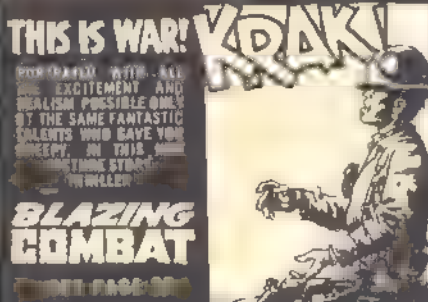
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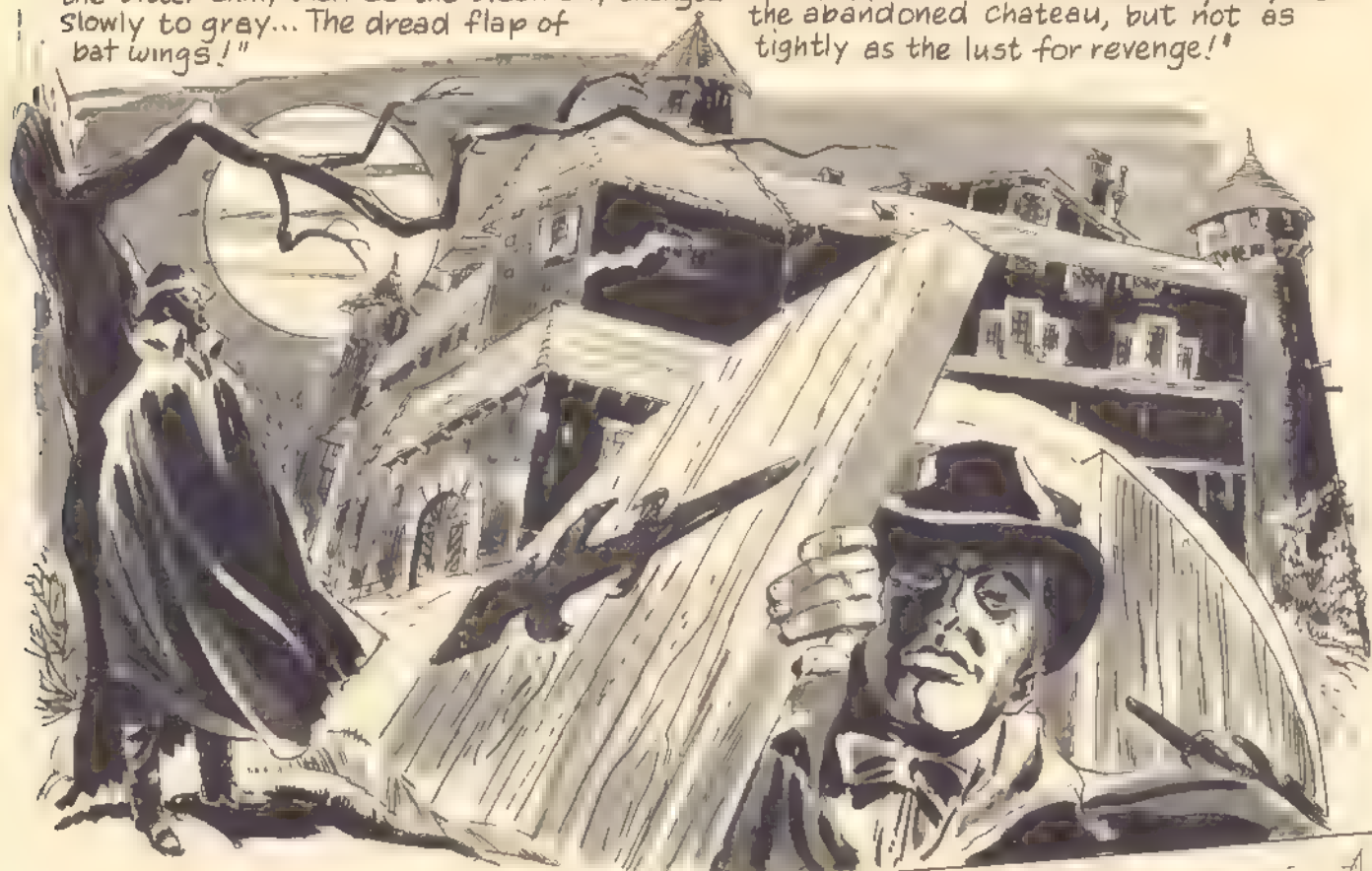
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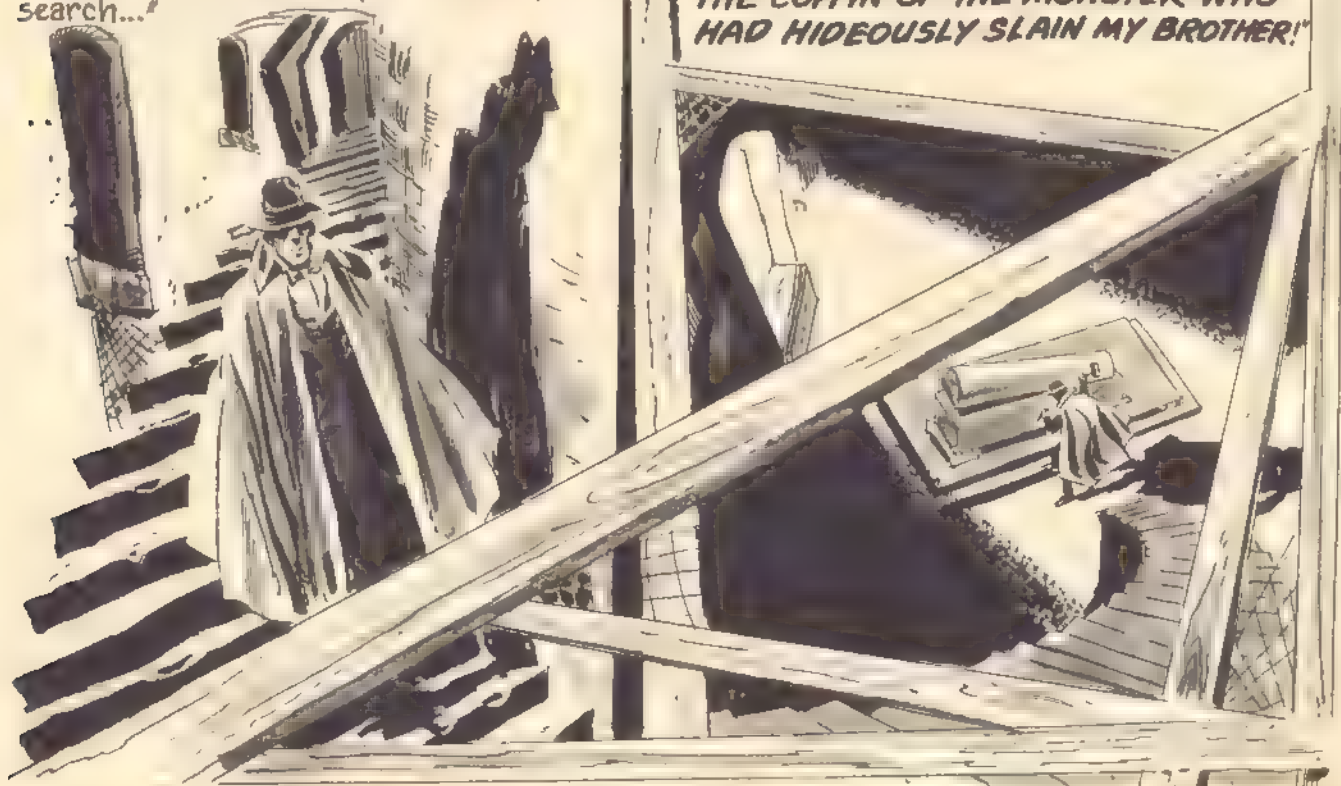
**PROLOGUE:** "I remember it vividly, as if it were yesterday... The endless wait in the bitter chill, then as the black sky changed slowly to gray... The dread flap of bat wings!"

**"COUNT VRYOLAK HAD RETURNED!**  
And my years of searching were at an end... Fear gripped me as I forced my way into the abandoned chateau, but not as tightly as the lust for revenge!"



"The first rays of the winter sun forced their way through the cracks and crevices of the dark crumbling structure, as with methodical fury I made my search..."

"Until at last, in the very bowels of this place of decay and corruption, I uncovered the Count's resting place...  
**THE COFFIN OF THE MONSTER WHO HAD HIDEOUSLY SLAIN MY BROTHER!**"



Did our **FEARFUL FORWARD** leave you thirsting for more blood, **RABID READERS**? Then get ready to sink your fangs into the rest of this **HEART-POUNDER** and find out what's at stake for the...

# VAMPIRE SLAYER!

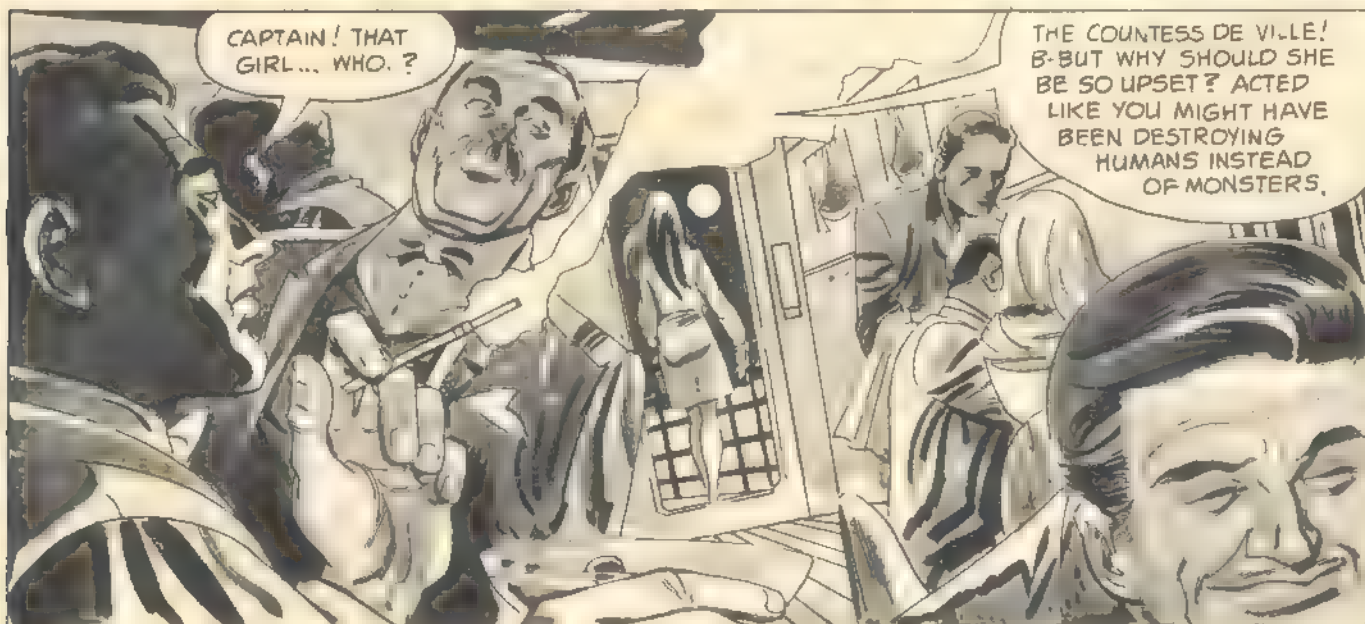
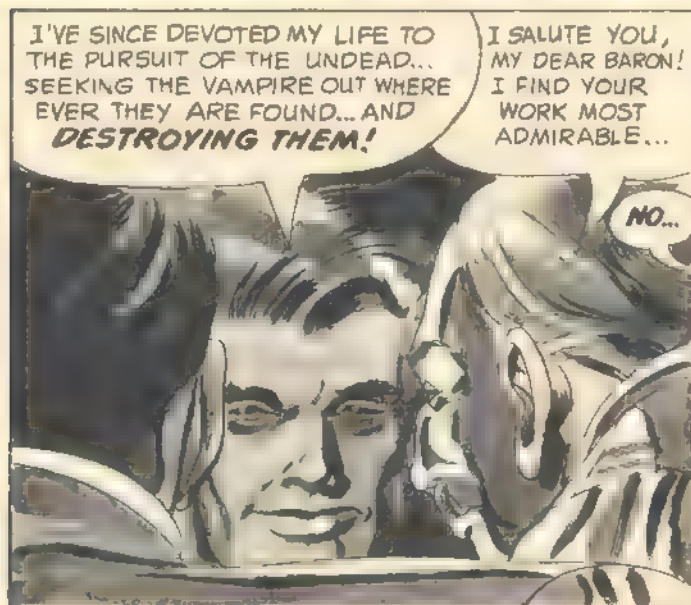
WOK!

"THE BALEFUL RED-RIMMED EYES POPPED OPEN AS THE ANCIENT LID CRASHED TO THE FLOOR, A MASK OF HATRED COVERING THE PALE BLOATED FACE... MY SWEATING PALM CLENCHED THE MALLET, AND I DROVE THE STAKE HOME!!!"

Joe Calamita



**A** MOMENTARY SILENCE FELL OVER THE EVENING DINERS  
AT THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE ON THE LINER "BUDAPEST"...



INTRIGUE FLARED IN THE BARON ALEXI... THE LOVELY COUNTESS PROVOKED HIS INTEREST... AND **DREAD!**

MADAME DE VILLE? YOU WON'T FIND HER ON DECK, BARON. ONLY LEAVES HER CABIN AT NIGHT... WON'T EVEN TAKE MEALS IN THE DAY!

HER BEHAVIOR AT DINNER, NOW THIS! A GIRL SO BEAUTIFUL... CAN IT BE?

WITH EACH PASSING NIGHT HIS SUSPICIONS GREW...

HER SKIN... SO WHITE AND PALE! THE HAIR... LONG AND FLOWING... COULD COVER ANY WOUNDS ON HER NECK...

YET THE TAINT OF MYSTERY SEEMED TO MAKE HER BEAUTY THE MORE FASCINATING... ALEXI COULD FEEL HIMSELF BEING DRAWN CLOSER AND CLOSER...

COUNTESS, ABOUT DINNER THE OTHER EVENING... I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR SAYING ANYTHING TO OFFEND...

I WAS FOOLISH TO GET SO UPSET, BARON ALEXI! PLEASE JOIN ME AND CALL ME CORINNE!

NEVER HAD ANY WOMAN EXERTED SUCH AN ATTRACTION FOR THE BARON... HIS FEELINGS BECAME UNCERTAIN, HIS INTENTIONS NO LONGER CLEAR...

WE DOCK TOMORROW MORNING, CORINNE... I MUST SEE YOU AGAIN! WE COULD MEET AFTER DISEMBARKING... PERHAPS LUNCH...

I'VE MADE OTHER ARRANGEMENTS, ALEXI, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! BUT TOMORROW NIGHT... I COULD HAVE YOU FOR DINNER AT MY HOME!

ALEXI HAUNTED THE UNLOADING, GIVING UP WHEN EVERY PASSENGER HAD DEPARTED, WITHOUT CORINNE DE VILLE EVER HAVING BEEN SEEN!

CAREFUL, YOU DOLTS! THAT'S PROPERTY OF THE COUNTESS DE VILLE!

THAT CRATE! ALMOST THE EXACT SIZE OF... A COFFIN!



WITH THE FALL OF NIGHT, HIS WORST FEARS RISING LIKE THE CHILL AUTUMN WIND, ALEXI WENT FORTH TO KEEP HIS ENGAGEMENT ALL BUT CONVINCED OF WHAT LURKED FOR HIM IN THE GUISE OF BEAUTY...

THEY CAN'T  
ESCAPE THE PATTERN...  
CONSTANTLY DRAWN  
TO RUIN AND DECAY...  
THEIR DWELLINGS  
INEVITABLY REFLECT  
IT!

CORINNE'S LOVELINESS HAS  
BAITED A TRAP... BUT I'VE  
BEEN AT THIS GAME TOO  
LONG TO ENTER  
UNPROTECTED!

ALEX! I WAS AFRAID  
YOU MIGHT NOT MAKE  
IT... EVERYTHING'S  
READY FOR YOU!

THE BARON FOLLOWED CORINNE THROUGH THE VAST HALLS OF THE ARCHAIC STRUCTURE, CURSING HIMSELF FOR THE FASCINATION HER DARK-HAIRED BEAUTY STILL EXERTED...

THE MIRROR!  
DRAPED AND  
COVERED...

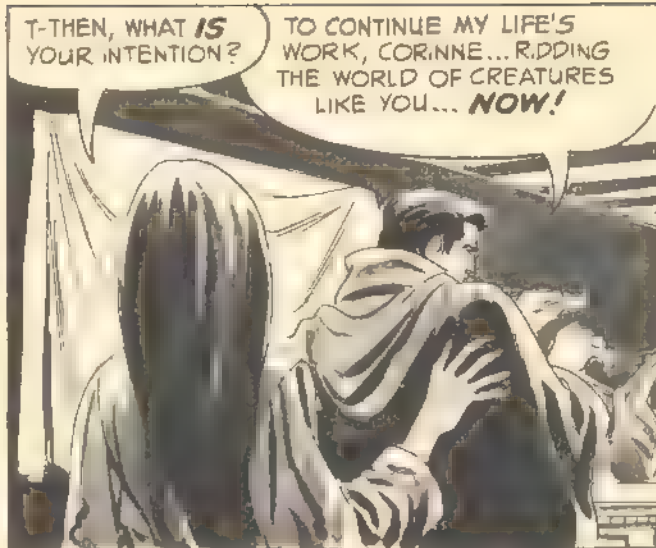
ONLY ONE PLACE  
SETTING... AREN'T  
YOU JOINING ME?

I'VE LITTLE APPETITE, MY DEAR  
ALEXI... LATER I MAY HAVE  
SOMETHING...



YOU SHOULD REALLY REMOVE THAT... WON'T IT GET IN YOUR WAY DURING DINNER?

PERHAPS... IF I HAD SOME INTENTION OF DINING! SINCE I DON'T, IT REMAINS IN PLACE!



T-THEN, WHAT *IS* YOUR INTENTION?

TO CONTINUE MY LIFE'S WORK, CORINNE... REDEEMING THE WORLD OF CREATURES LIKE YOU... *NOW!*

THE FEAR-STRICKENED GIRL STUMBLER BACKWARD, CLAWING AND GRASPING AT ALL AROUND HER AS STEP BY STEP, ALEXI RELENTLESSLY ADVANCED!



**VAMPIRE! UNHOLY FIEND!**  
NOW SUFFER THE KISS OF THE STAKE!

ALEXI!  
PLEASE... NO!  
STOP!



THE MIRROR! YOU'RE CASTING A REFLECTION... YOU COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE A VAMPIRE!



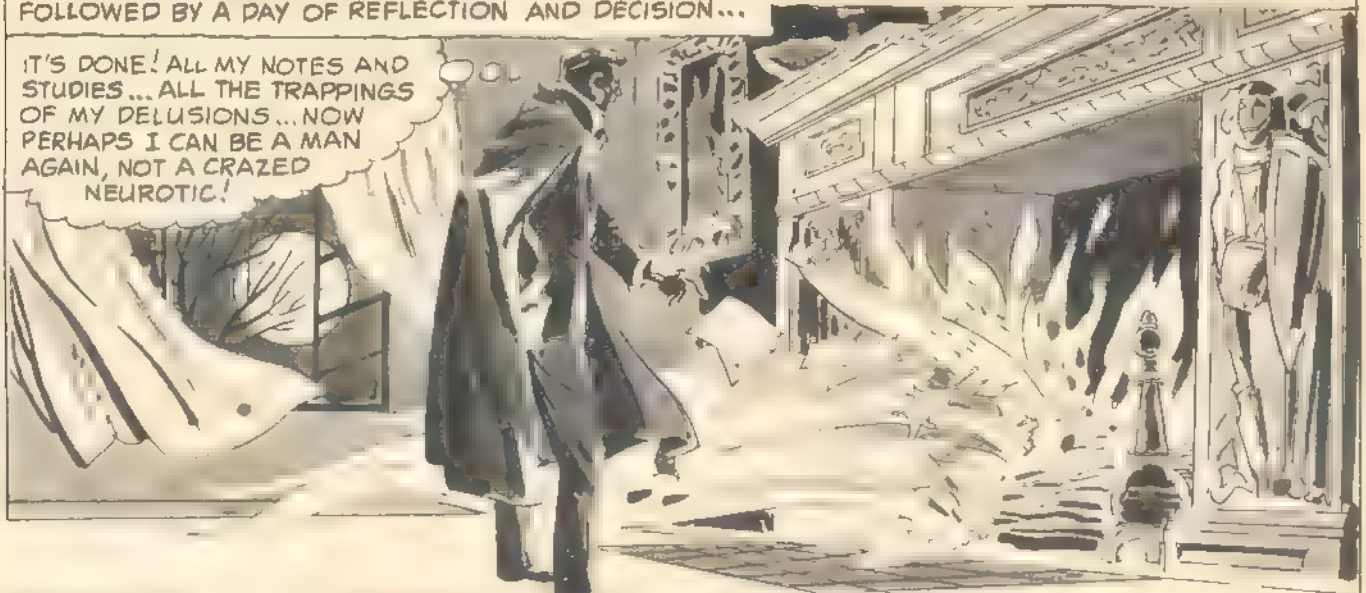
LORD! WHAT HAVE I DONE?... I MUST HAVE BEEN MAD!

DON'T YOU SEE, POOR DARLING? SINCE YOUR BROTHER WAS KILLED IT'S BECOME AN OBSESSION WITH YOU... YOU IMAGINE VAMPIRES **EVERYWHERE!** CAN'T YOU ABANDON IT? IT'S DESTROYING **YOUR** LIFE...



CONSUMED WITH SHAME, ALEXI FLED BACK TO THE SOLITUDE OF HIS ROOM FOR A SLEEPLESS NIGHT, FOLLOWED BY A DAY OF REFLECTION AND DECISION...

IT'S DONE! ALL MY NOTES AND STUDIES... ALL THE TRAPPINGS OF MY DELUSIONS... NOW PERHAPS I CAN BE A MAN AGAIN, NOT A CRAZED NEUROTIC!



I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT EVERYTHING YOU SAID, CORINNE... IF YOU'RE STILL INTERESTED...

OH, ALEXI... OF COURSE I WANT YOU!

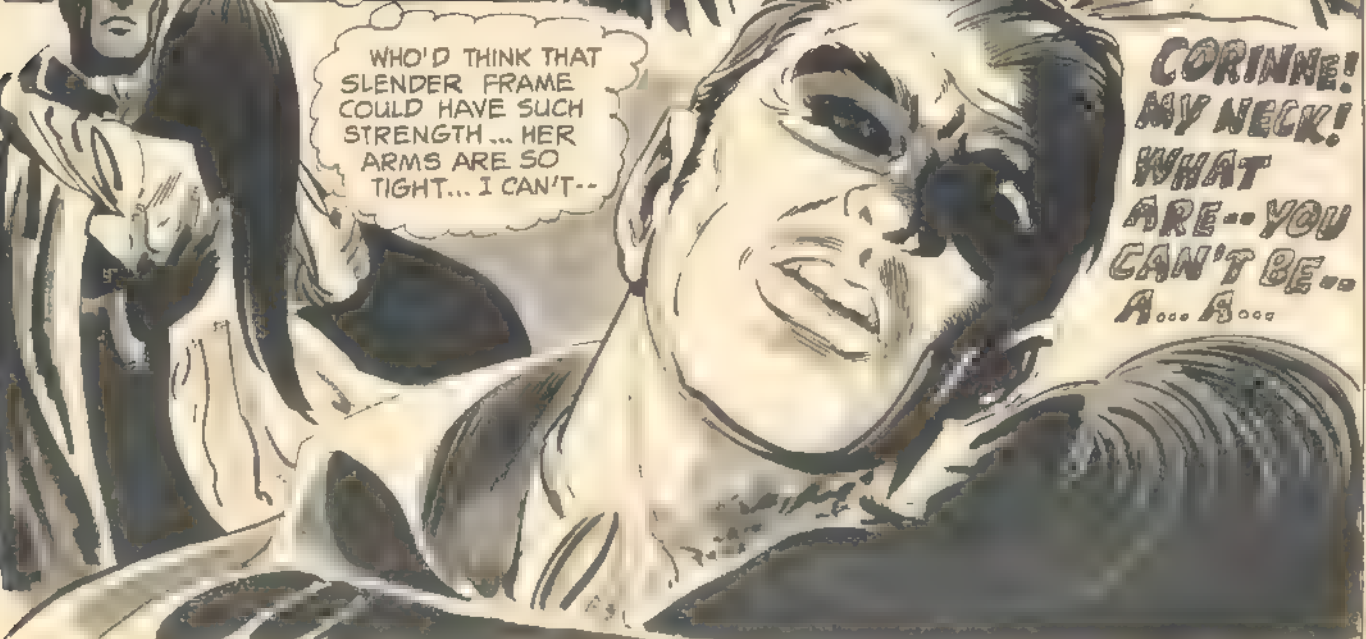
I DESTROYED EVERYTHING... ALL THE EQUIPMENT I USED IN THAT OBSESSED, TORMENTED EXISTENCE... ALL BEHIND ME NOW!

ALEXI...



WHO'D THINK THAT SLENDER FRAME COULD HAVE SUCH STRENGTH... HER ARMS ARE SO TIGHT... I CAN'T--

**CORINNE!**  
**MY NECK!**  
**WHAT**  
**ARE--YOU**  
**CAN'T BE--**  
**A... A...**



ALEXI'S SENSES REELED... HE SPRAWLED BACKWARD, DIZZY, WEAK, UNABLE TO STAND OR MOVE WITHOUT EFFORT...

A **VAMPIRE?** OH, BUT I AM, ALEXI! WE'VE WANTED TO STOP YOU FOR YEARS! HOW HAPPY I AM TO BE THE ONE TO DO IT!



THE ROOM FELT UNSTEADY BENEATH ALEXI, ROCKING AND SPINNING... HIS BREATH CAME HARDER AND SHORTER... IT WAS DIFFICULT TO THINK... SPEAK...

B-BUT... THE REFLECTION ... VAMPIRE... CAN'T...

I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T PLAYED QUITE FAIR WITH YOU, DEAR... THAT WASN'T ME LAST NIGHT! YOU SEE, EVEN ON BOARD SHIP I NEGLECTED TO MENTION I HAD...



SOMEWHERE A DOOR WAS OPENING... FOOTSTEPS APPROACHED... SOMEONE WAS MOVING INTO RANGE OF ALEXI'S DIMMING VISION...

... A **TWIN SISTER!** LUCKILY, COLETTE HAS NO REFLECTION PROBLEM... YOU SEE, **SHE'S A GHOUL!**

REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE, CORINNE! FOR HELPING OUT LAST NIGHT, I GET WHAT'S LEFT WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED!

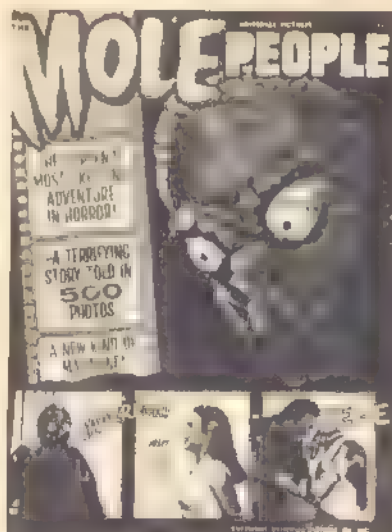


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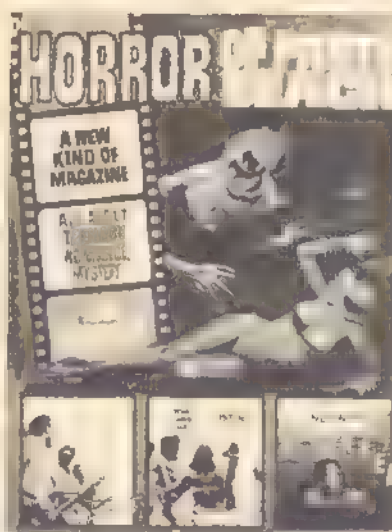




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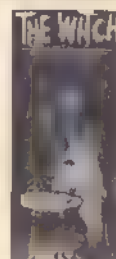
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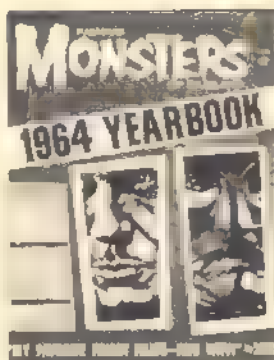
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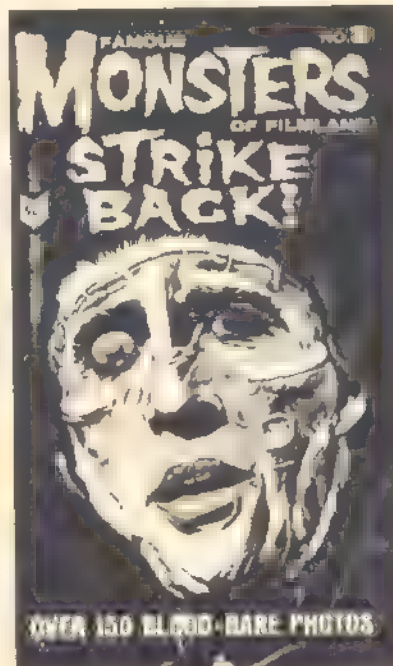
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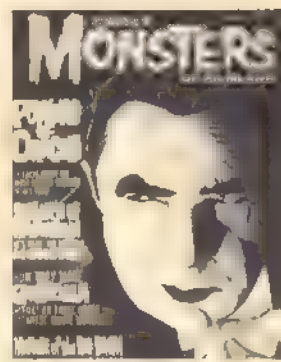
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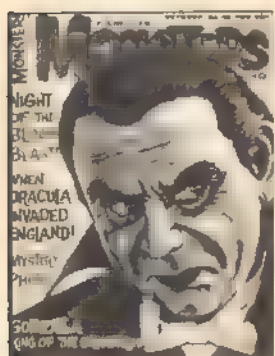
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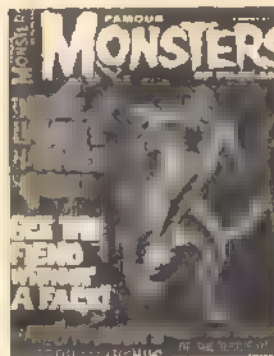
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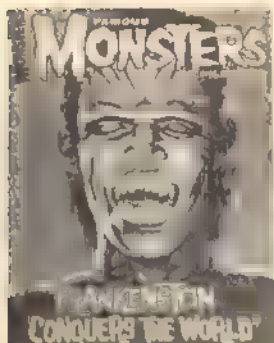
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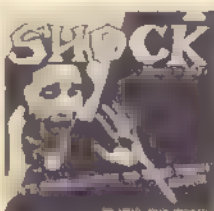
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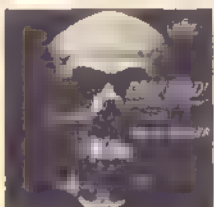
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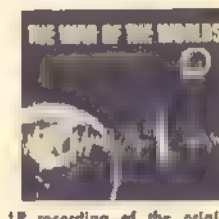
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The Batman (Lewis Wilson), and his young assistant, Robin, the Boy Wonder (Douglas Croft), hit on the trail of an enemy sabotage ring, when Bruce's girl friend, Linda (Shirley Patterson), asks the pair to help her free her uncle, Martin Warren (Gus Glassmire), from the clutches of the ring. The Batman learns that the ring plans to steal the city's radium supply from the city hospital, and hurries there to prevent the theft. A terrific fight ensues, and the attempted robbery is thwarted. However, during the battle, the Batman is forced to the roof, and staggered by the rain of blows poured on him, is finally sent reeling over the ledge into space!

### CHAPTER 2—The Bat Cave

The Batman lands unhurt on a painter's scaffolding, and returning to the roof, captures one of the gangsters with Robin's aid. Back at the Batman's hideout, the Bat Cave, the gangster reveals that a Dr. Daka (J. Carroll Naish) directs the ring from the House of the Open Door. Disguised, the Batman and Robin visit the Open Door, and discover Linda a prisoner there. Hooking ropes over electric cables suspended between buildings, the Batman and Robin climb to the room where she is imprisoned and overcome a number of the mobsters. Then carrying the unconscious Linda, the Batman slowly makes his way back over the cables. One of the gangsters breaks a wire and touches the raw end against the cables. Sparks and flames engulf the pair. Suddenly the Batman loses his balance and he and Linda plunge into space!

### CHAPTER 3—The Living Corpse

The Batman leaps from the car as it plunges over the cliff. At home, an assignment from Washington awaits him. He is to protect the new Lockwood airplane motor. Two of the Lockwood men are abducted by Daka and transformed into Zombies. Just before a test flight, the Batman secretes himself in the plane. No sooner is he hidden, than the new Zombies enter the plane dressed

in pilots' clothes. Following Daka's radio directions, the Zombies take the plane into the air. Suddenly the doctor sees the Batman on his television screen and orders the Zombies to attack. Out of control, the plane attracts attention and suffers a direct hit, and crashes to earth!

### CHAPTER 4—Poison Peril

The Zombies are killed in the crack-up, but the Batman miraculously escapes injury. Back in town, Colton, (Charles Middleton), an old friend of Linda's uncle, is searching for him. He has discovered a radium mine. Daka learns of Colton's mine and attempts to lure him to an old smelter, in order to force him to reveal the mine's location. The Batman learns of Daka's ruse, and takes Colton's place at the rendezvous. He and Robin attack the gangster and a battle royal follows. In the melee, an acid vat is tipped over, and a stream of acid hits an exposed high-tension wire. There is a blinding flash. Debris and timber fall, burying the Batman!

### CHAPTER 5—Executioner Strikes

Robin raises the trap-door and pulls his pal to safety. Linda, now a Zombie, writes a note to the Batman asking him to meet her at an isolated building. Though suspecting a ruse, the Batman goes there. Daka's men overpower him and pack him into a crate. The crate is then tossed into a cave of ravenous alligators. It crashes down on the beasts sending them into frenzied attack!

### CHAPTER 6—Doom of the Rising Sun

Robin comes to the Batman's rescue. He knocks out one of the gangsters and frees his fighting friend. The pair crash into Daka's inner sanctum, and after a terrific battle, overpower Daka and his men. The Batman orders the doctor to return Linda and her uncle from their Zombie state to normality. After doing this, Daka, makes a break for freedom, and is accidentally plunged into the alligator pit. As the police arrive to take the gang into custody, the Batman and Robin disappear—their work, for the present, is done!

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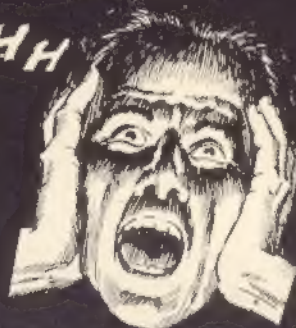
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